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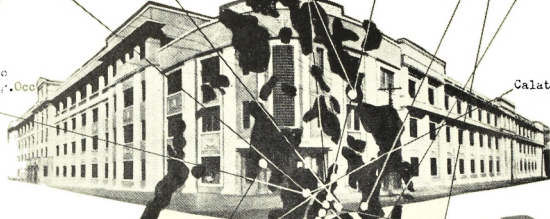
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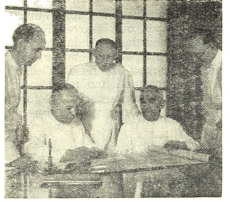
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Our Cover



Clergymen are the keepers of our souls. Their one simple mission in this world is to guide us to Christ. But it is not as simple as it sounds. What makes it complicated and rugged is the fact that they deal with the minds of men . . . a delicate subject. We know that there is nothing as fickle as the mind of man.

The administrative council of the University is composed of clergymen. The preparation of the mind for Christ is entirely entrusted to them. The ignorant must be taught; the young, educated . . . a subject more delicate, tricker.

There is a great battle: they must light the evil forces that seep into the consciousness of the young and the ignorant . . . who are easily hoodwinked through deceit and trickery.

Shown on our cover are the men behind great decisions and sound policies for the good of the University and its students. What is actually discussed on that table are plans for the new constructions of more buildings for USC. A project that seems to have fascinated them most is the construction of a new building for the Boys' High School. Their attentions at present are being focused on it. Whatever they might bring for us in the near future would be a matter of speculation. At least we will know what their objectives are: the common good. To them, therefore, we tip our hats.

The CAROLINIAN

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editorial

TOMAS L. L. ECHIVARRE

The Graduate: From Crew-cut to Crow?

A young man will graduate this month.

After spending more than one half of his life in the classroom, he will secede himself from the long dramatic battles fought day after day inside its four walls. He will graduate from: its mental give-and-takes, its ruggedness and monotony.

People will watch him stake his claim on the diploma . . . a gesture of his defiance against the forces of life it constantly hurl upon the insecure.

Today, the country is sick. It needs him.

His leaders, still suffering from the stupors of historical hokum and mawkish conservatism, have persisted in spoon-feeding the country with fourteenth century pabulum. The same medicine is prescribed to its ever-fresh ailments. But this is not brow-beating his leaders to the point of undermining the people's faith in them. The young are not entirely to blame if they go materialistic. Didn't their elders show them how to become a millionaire overnight . . . even surpassing the magical feats of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp? Didn't their elders show them how to win, by hook and by crook, the rat-race for gold, power and wealth? Did they not show their young the way to pleasure and ease by the simple act of changing their political horses in mid-stream? The youngsters willed that their elders hold the reins of their government because there was nobody else tailored for the task. They respected their elders that much.

The country needs him. It is sick.

But despite of all these, the "fossilized" leaders did not entirely wash out the ideas of the young with cold water. They welcomed their "hot" ideas . . . but with mental reservations. After all, this has always been a "free country."

For the past years, the country has been turning out fresh graduates into the vat of its turbulent history. It gambled . . . or tried to gamble . . . on the ideas of the young with the hope that a better tasting potage might be prepared for its varying wants. There is no faith lost between the country and its young.

But what kind of ideas does it need? What kind of brainfizzes does it want? If by "novel ideas" is meant "new ideas," would it therefore include wacky ones like those concocted by Congressmen Leon Cabarroguis and Francisco Perfecto? (It must be remembered that, a few years ago, the former introduced a bill providing for the "importation of 60,000 males from foreign countries, particularly America and Europe, in order to improve our racial stock." The latter, a law intended to outlaw typhoons). The answer is an emphatic "No!" It was novel, yes, but it was certainly a moonstruck idea.

Novel ideas must not only be "new" in the strict sense of the word but must also be constructive ideas. Ideas which spring from the minds of God-tutored persons. Ideas which take-off from the foreheads of those who draw inspiration from Christ.

That young man will graduate this month . . . from a Catholic university. The country will need him . . . badly.

water-proof

"You cannot waterproof the minds of the young against ideas which world politics rains down on them everyday" . . . Gideons

Come to the Carolinian Office between two and three in the afternoon and listen to the lone violinist just below us, doing the squeaky scales. . . but only if you want to know why we're becoming neurotics and having bad dreams.

The recent shake-ups in the political picture of Soviet Russia portends of things horrid. But don't let this statement scare you. We predict land our predictions are always worth a plugged nickel that Bulganin, the Marshal who never marshaled any army, will high-fall from the Kremlin as fast as Malenkov did.

Co-existentialist Malenkov is not existing anymore and one arena matador said his favorite BULL is GANIN.

And what's this Camotes peace conference for co-existence between Bohol and Siquijor?

Axeman of the College of Law: Atty. S. Yuson. And for those who aren't taking Law and cannot have the pleasure of knowing the fun there is in a Dean Pelaez class. . . . try sticking your finger in an empty light bulb socket. It won't be the same, but you'll get the idea.

Local politics are girding for the coming gubernatorial elections; voters are girding for the "Great Choice," local shades are girding for the big pay-off, some are just girding and girding. Why? Don't ask us, we're not girding.

Sigma Phi Rho is a new sorority. . . . Well, a year old, at least. It's a pity. . . .

Father Schablitzki (dynamic button) and Gustilo (washroom idol). . . . how cute can you be?

I wonder if this is the year when Dean Pelaez will see enough strength in my cowpoke legs to let me stand in the College of Law float, wearing a toga and carrying a heavy diploma. . . . my eyes, looking into the future when I can sit down and rest again.

Stalin would have lasted longer if there were no such thing as the "Iron Curtain" in his town. . . . poor ventilation.

It'll take a hundred years for Coach Baring to make us believe that pulling out Vicente Dionadio at the head of the U.S.C.-C.I.T. clash, was good coaching. The captain of the team, Evaristo Segardul, who isn't just a captain because he's twenty-two years old, was eating his heart out in the benches. . . . poor boy, how happy the other team must have been that he wasn't in to prevent them from wrapping both the game and the trophy up without much ado.

I can still remember the fun everybody has last College Day (Year 1954). The one that just happened, just happened and that's all there was to it.

The other day we saw around eight or nine junior klieg lights being focused on our beloved Registrar, Mr. J. Arias. It's a good thing I didn't accept that movie contract several studios threw my way. . . . Mr. Arias sure looked like he didn't like the whole idea of being groomed and regroomed before a lot of people just to have his picture taken. Who wants to be a rising young star at his age?

All the dances during the last day of the College Day were beautiful. (They were tactfully dissected into seasons and songs were played on the piano to let the audience have an inkling of what was coming.)

The snowy number which was ushered in by the "September Song," (since when did snow start falling on September?) was especially made more interesting by the scarfs of the girls and their utter convincing way of making us forget that they were not skating on ice, but on a wooden floor. The flakes of paper snow that only seemed to fall alternately however made us remember again.

SHORT STORY:

*Vicentico: "Pssst! What's an adjective?"
Tomasiilo: "Silence ya' bum! The prof's ears are sensitive as a radar!"
(Silence for about two seconds and a half)
Vicentico (again): "Pssst! How d'ya spell radar?"*

Advice to Graduates:

*"Seek and thirst for knowledge,
You will find it in the horizon's edge;
Hunger ye for ambition,
Linger not in laziness' bastion—
But hunger not for food
Or you will be a caretakers' load."*

DHAD COME to one of these far-flung, almost suburban, fringes of Washington, DC, to look for Fr. Bates at Quincey Street. On the backyard of a somnolent building I was met by a genial Father whose ready, smiling countenance contrasted with the

out of which is hewn the primitive Tomb is in a chapel. It is lighted the whole day with a soft, gentle glow that melts every vestige of human pride.

Above the Sepulchre is a great relief-painting of the Lord's Transfiguration when Christ gave His

cannot help wishing that if he has decided to forsake the busy burdens of everyday living, this would indeed be the haven on earth.

A few days before that, in the Washington International Circle, listening to an address by a Catholic priest, I was tempted to ask

A Visit to the

sharp breeze and the subdued falling of the leaves in autumn.

After the amenities, the good Father informed me that Father Bates had been called to the White House to attend the McCarthy hearings, then raging in the nation's capital. And could I wait—or better, he said, I might while my time away at the nearby Franciscan Monastery—if I was interested.

I said I was — and promised to be back.

Farther up the road, in magnificent seclusion, stands the Franciscan Monastery Memorial Church of the Lord, the official depository of the US relics of the Holy Shrine. The building is of Byzantine architecture.

On one side of the building one goes down a wooded hill, an imita-

Franciscan Monastery In Washington

by ATTY. CORNELIO FAIGAO

apostles glimpse of His Celestial Glory. Very impressive is the chapel of St. Francis after whom the monastery has been named. (The Sacred Places have been entrusted to the Franciscan Order of the Church.)

Another great relief-painting shows the Altar of Calvary, a replica of the one which stands now over the place where the Cross was set in the Sacred Rock.

the question: This America, with its fast tempo, its exterior elegance, its outward glamor, its stock markets, its B-47's, its super-sonic speeds, its labor-saving gadgets, its culture and civilization — what is it all about?

And standing in the half-light of a small chamber in the Franciscan monastery that cold November morning, gazing into the sculptured eyes of the Man that was without

Our Poet Laureate takes you to a Sylvan Spot in the heart of Washington, D.C.

tion Valley of Gethsemane reminiscent of scenes described in some poems of Wordsworth. It is dedicated to the Lord's Agony on the Eve of the Crucifixion. At the lower end of the road is a copy of the Grotto of Lourdes.

As one goes into the church, he enters the Monastery store which contains a very interesting collection of religious gimmicks, which make one wish that it were not for the distance, one could take an armful of them for his USC friends.

The tour is guided by a tall, burly Father who draws out in a well-rounded voice his explanations grown very fluent through endless repetitions.


One of the most awe-inspiring sights is a reproduction of our Saviour's tomb as it appears at present in the Holy Land. The rock


Other replicas in the monastery are the Coronation of Thorns, the Shrine of the Scourging, St. Anthony's chapel, the Altar of the Sacred Heart and the Grotto of the Nazarene which simulates the Shrine of the Annunciation as it appears now in the Galilean village.


The most impressive of the replicas is that of the Roman catacombs, those passages during the ages of persecution. These replicas are perfect copies of the real ones in Rome.


As one enters these hallowed chambers, one hears from overhead the rumblings of traffic over Washington's suburban highways. One cannot but feel the contrast between the hurry and tumult of the busy life above one's head and the quiet flow of the spiritual world which these caverns suggest. One

pride, without hate, and without guile, somehow I felt deep in my heart that I had found the answer to my question.

——
I am a man of peace. God knows how I love peace. But I hope I shall never be such a coward as to mistake oppression for peace. —KOSSUTH

——
You cannot repent too soon, because you do not know how soon it may be too late. —FULLER

——
If a man empties his purse into his head, no one can take it from him. —FRANKLIN

——
Man's love is of man's life a part; it is woman's whole existence. —BYRON

WHAT IS THE AIM of Elementary Education? All agree that it should give to every child the basic training in the four R's: Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, and Religion, thus preparing the child to meet the requirements or challenges of life in a modern community. In other words, Elementary Education intends to give to the child the tools which are needed in every profession or occupation. Furthermore, the first 6 or 8 years of schooling should be a testing ground of the child's abilities, inclinations, also detects and limitations, so that when the years of childhood have passed, prudent advice and guidance can be given for the proper choice of a vocation, continued schooling, or employment.

As this is highly desirable, care must be taken that the advice can be given prudently and with discretion. Consequently, it seems to be necessary that the teachers in the grades are not changed too often. The one or the other teacher, at least, should stay with a given class through all the three or four years of the intermediate grades. I say, three or four years, for this is the ideal: every child should be given a very thorough and efficient Elementary Schooling which should not be shorter than 8 years!

The High Schools are much more problematical. First of all, it may be advisable to screen the applicants. Only those who pass an entrance examination should be allowed to enroll. This entrance examination should be administered by the individual schools, but meet minimum standards to be determined by the Bureau of Education.

What should be the aim of Secondary Education? Should the students learn something of everything?

The dreams of the pansophist are impossible. Since the 17th century the subject matter has become extensively so wide and intensively so complicated that nobody can know something of everything. Still, for many it is hard to give up the idea; so they modify it by intending to offer everything that is needed by, or at least useful for, the students in later life. But even this makes the curriculum too heavy and too crowded. And what, after all, is needed or useful in later life for a big number of students with all their individually different traits and environments? Unfortunately, this is still the

philosophy underlying the curriculum construction for our Secondary Schools — and it is, I dare say, a great pity! It reasons and arguments are of no avail in effecting a change, perhaps the results may

open the eyes of even the blindest defenders of the system! To prove my contention, allow me to quote a few sentences from letters which I received while I prepared this paper:

Reflections on our

To the dean of the
University of
San Carlos
Cebu, City. Phil.
Dearest & respectful Superior,

X. Y.
January 30, 1955

I hope that you will not despise for I'm breaking your peaceful conscience.

I'm here a poor human being begging your huge help. Please may I apply here as a "working-student. This year I'm already a 2nd-yr. student, but I was force to neglect 'cause of the difficulties that I think all human being were suffering except the rich & the well-to-do class.

I want to procure my sweetest ambition but I was a failure of my thought, etc.

N. N.

Dear Father,

Here I am your child Father asking for your helped.

As we are not yet acquainted surely you expect who am I.

Father I am a student of the school N.N. of X Y, has already graduated in the high school.

Therefore I inform to you Father that I would like to continue my studies.....

So Father I am interested to study and I will ask your conscience.

Your child

N. N.

P.S. Father my application was very early so that you can think weather I'll be accepted.

The Dean
San Carlos University
Cebu City
Sir:

X. Y.
January 31, 1955

Please, give me a proper information and guidance from your school regarding the courses offered during summer classes most especially to teachers.

I will gladly appreciate for your proper compliance to my request.

Very respectfully,
N. N.

The Director of University of San Carlos
Cebu, Cebu City
Sir;

X. Y.
Feb. 8, 1955

I hereby request your honor to furnish me a prospectus of your High School Department, for I'm very much eager to know the outgoing of your institution. And if I'm incline too, I may sent my son by the coming opening.

Very Respectfully Yours,
N. N.

It is evident that something must be done about it. What can be done? As the attempted universality of subject-matter is the reason, or at least one of the main reasons, for the failure, we should have the courage to draw the conclusion to turn away from it and emphasize rather formal education which instead of aiming at knowledge of as much as possible, intends to train the human faculties so that the students may learn less,

the methods of teaching, the points of advice — all should consider it. If this is done, the adolescent's growth from within will be furthered by the direction from without; he will be interested, diligent, even zealous; he will achieve something, he will learn, acquire skills, become an expert, reliable, responsible.

If, at the other hand, no attention is given to the most characteristic trait of the adolescent, if he is

ones. But not in the High School! As we have said at the beginning, there should be an entrance test, before an Elementary School graduate can be admitted to the Secondary School, and the standard should be kept on a high level. Naturally and necessarily, there will be fewer students, perhaps only one third of the present number. The majority of the adolescents should go for vocational training! They should not go to High School! But they should be given all the adolescent desires to get: the opportunity of excellence, the chance to learn something thoroughly and to achieve something great, to experience full satisfaction, and to acquire the conviction of being important and successful, to enjoy the respect of his fellow-men! This is, as we have seen, the most important factor for any adolescent, in and outside the High School — As it is now, nobody gets it; all are condemned to mediocrity; as it is now, there is neither a satisfactory academic training nor a satisfactory vocational one!

Many will raise the objection: this arrangement is anti-democratic. There is first of all the social split between the "learned" and the "laborer". In former centuries, perhaps, it was so. But now-a-days, our advanced civilization is being equally enjoyed by the academic student and the vocational one, the latter having the advantage of earning more money and thus becoming socially influential. Even if it were not so, does democracy require that our boys and girls during the formative years of their lives are kept by force on the low levels of mediocrity? Must the best and gifted ones be deprived of the blessings of a satisfactory training; must they, for the sake of democracy, go idle in spite or because of superficial busy-bodiness for four years? Is not, on the contrary, a thorough training, either academically, or vocationally, a postulate just of democracy? While everybody has his full human dignity and right, he also has his obligations towards his fellow-men. In old Rome, one became a "civis", a citizen, only when two conditions were fulfilled: when he was able and when he was willing to serve the community.

There lingers, perhaps, one more objection in the minds of some people: according to the Constitution of the Philippines, all schools must contribute to vocation-

(Continued on page 31)

Philosophy of Education

By Very Rev. Albert van Ganswinkel, S. V. D.

but better — non multa, sed multum. It is not necessary to repeat the mistakes of Pestalozzi who in erroneous one-sidedness tried to train the mind by meaningless exercises, neither will we subscribe to the ideas of W. van Humboldt who in disregard of subject-matter saw perfect education in the mastery of the ancient languages. But we do claim that formal education should control "material" education, that the five disciplines of appreciation, precision, tolerance, unity, and expression, should determine the subject-matter to be chosen from the five fields of study, from natural sciences, human sciences, metaphysical sciences, language studies and art studies.

The most decisive factors in balancing formal and material education are **thoroughness, achievement** and the resulting satisfaction and self-esteem! Psychology leaves no doubt about the fact that the object of every adolescent's deepest craving is self-assertion: with all the strength of accumulating power every boy and girl of high-school age yearns to achieve something, to excel somehow or other, to be important! This desire is so keen and so basic that educators must give it their fullest attention. The construction of the curriculum,

forced to nibble at many subjects, and is hindered from doing what his nature craves for i. e., to do something thoroughly, he will be a high school student of the type of which we have so many now-a-days!

Therefore, with a categorical imperative the Psychology of Adolescence cries, not for less work, but for less bulk and more training!

Fewer subjects, but better training! This should be the norm for the reorganization of our secondary schools. Emphasis should be on language studies, literature, mathematics, history, geography, and religion. Two languages — English and the National Language — should be enough. For the natural Sciences only a survey course in "General Science" should be offered. While I write this down, I see clearly before me angry frowns and I hear excited protests — still, we must remember that knowledge is not identical with education. Knowledge is only a means, causa instrumentalis! No Biology, therefore, no Physics, no Economics, and no Vocational Courses, either! Vocational Courses decidedly do not belong to a High School. This does not mean that they are not important. On the contrary, more of them should be offered, and better

On Women's Hitch-Line

by SAMMY FABROZ

SOFTEN HEAR people say that there may come a time when it would be proper for a woman to play the role of a man in securing a matrimonial mate. Somehow, I am inclined to agree with it and have no arguments to the contrary. They are justified in doing so; their number being greater than men.

Many women today feel cheated because they have not tried married life. Has the world grown mystic that women need to rub Aladdin's wonderful lamp or learn Houdini's skill to draw men to the middle aisles? Or is it because a great number of our women nowadays simply do not know their "dos", "don'ts", and "musts" to trap if not to infatuate a man? For me, such questions are more of a series of statements presenting a problem.

I do not feel like repeating the fact that today there is a threatening unequal proportion of men and women. It cannot be denied that unmarried women are shackled by the gloomy chances of getting married just because of that fact. Hopes of getting hitched to a man that pass through a girl's mind, especially if she is already beyond thirty-five years old has turned out to despair. Even if she puts her ears on the ground still she won't hear no rumbles of connumbial expectation. I say, it can be her lot of pinch-hitting just to get the so elusive creature: man. Women can be tricky creatures too. With money, they can buy themselves a partner; with nothing, they sell themselves — all these, just to "git dat man!" But all seem to be in vain, everything seems hopeless. But as times and morals change, man also changes — he plays to be hard-to-get. And she would seem to be like one knocking at a door that shall never open or thumping on a wall that shall never

fall. What an irony!

I cannot help saying that as a lady grows older, her chances of entering into that kingdom of marriage become, by good moral means, lesser and lesser if not bitter. This is the very time when a girl's chances of marrying grow slimmer and slimmer every tick-

et of forty-five unmarried ladies against eight bachelors — all members of the faculty. At present, collegiate students (of the same school) have a ratio of one to two, men and women respectively. These statistics are exclusive only in the University of San Carlos. It might not be true in other schools. Considering these facts, though I am still somewhat illogical, I say, we need more men, many more men.

That should be the reason that leads of ruin women's chances of marrying. It has made women the unfortunate stock in this world — suffering from the ailment of "himsomnia". It has given an insistent principle to women to be so ardent in their zeal to hold on their men steadily if possible — for security's sake. Aside from it, they know well that men these days are becoming clever. Seldom do they go steady on one girl. They just want

The Hitch Behind the Itch of the H-Line

to make a fresh try to each girl married, and when she does, she most likely marries one who was not worthy picking up before. Of course, she can still have dates, fine dates, I should say, but as is always the result of it, she'll fall at the hands of guys who are just looking for that so called "underground emotional indulgences."

You see, in our world, we can't find any lady who likes to be an "old maid". On the contrary, gentlemen like to remain as old bachelors. They want to be such because they feel confident that they are more in demand when they reach such an age. A young gentleman once said, "Why should I worry about it when I can have 'em any time, any place or anywhere, either for goodness sake or just for a sideline?" Ladies feel differently as gentlemen do. They even hate to hear the words "old maid". They are not mistaken in believing that old age can make them any good. That's probably so because their failure to reach married life is a point that counts badly against them. That's why girls can never and should not be too strict in this matter.

Local statistics show that there are more women than men. Quite a big difference in number too. Just recently, a survey made by the U.S.C. Faculty Club showed a to-

to make a fresh try to each girl but don't want to be tied up by anyone of them for fear that they might get married early. That's why they'd prefer to kiss a thousand girls at one sitting rather than kiss one girl a thousand times at the sitting.

In this case, girls may be right in saying and even in bearing in their minds the fact that some, if not most of the men, are not really fair in their horse-play with women.

It is undoubtedly believed, therefore, that it is somehow a threat — a threat to our social and moral standards. So, why don't we now take steps to remedy the situation? We must start before it gets to worst!

There can be but one good answer to this problem. Bring down the ratio to balance. We know, we can't solve it in any other effective way. Nor can we let a gentleman lawfully possess two true wives at the same time. That would be against our laws and our Christian principles.

I may now come to the point. Women must enjoy life as what they live for as women. Why deprive them of that chance with which other women do enjoy? Why don't we take the services of a congressman to pass a bill providing for an importation of good
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UNREST

for the

GODLESS

LET THERE BE PEACE. To the world that has known the travails and miseries of ignominious wars, peace is prayerfully welcomed to soothe the vivid scars and almost unhealable wounds of bitterness. To the men and women and children who had the most unfortunate experience of knowing the iniquitous consequences of pernicious stripes, peace, they vociferously cry. The soldiers who had seen their comrades unwantonly massacred on an unknown battle field, they desire no less than peace in their time. The Communists advocate, so they say, for peace; the United States shrieks her unending cry for peace. Peace, peace, we cry, hoping that Heaven may hear our lamentation, but peace is nowhere....

Sarcastically, if not lamentably, man, by his malevolent actuations reduced himself to a mere bundle of complex emotions. And being so, the heart that once knew the sublime essence of love, turns into an insentient core of indifference. For what was once a God-fearing being now boldly proclaims himself to the four corners of the world as the master of his own soul. Feeling and acting like God, he brazenly, not to say, vaingloriously, placed himself on the top of the pedestal so that his fellow men may pay homage to "God." To the fanatic German people, Hitler was likened unto a god; to Red Russians, Stalin was the "reincarnation" of a divine deity; to Chinese communists, Mao Tse Tung, symbolizes Celestial Omnipotence! Faigao was right when he wrote prophetically in his poem *The Glow* these lines:

"The gods—or who for creating man had responsibility—were surprised at his audacity.

I can work many wonders, man now said, at all the gods...."

We shall never know what peace essentially is, as long as there are haughty men who continue and will continue to imitate the holy countenance of God. The

intrigue slyly maneuvered by the Axis Power.

After the lapse of three years, the people began to notice the ominous writing on the wall and,

The Globe Dissected . . .

pages of history have saturated with bloody wars that shook and startled its population to a point of nervous break-down. Genghis Khan, Napoleon Bonaparte, and Alexander the Great found the world too small to conquer. Hitler and Stalin had also entertained the same notion. Sad it is to note, these "supermen" plunged the already weary world into a catastrophic struggle for world supremacy; only to find themselves, much to their chagrin, in the infamous pages of history; men who were responsible for bringing countless miseries and untold sufferings to the millions of people in the world over.

To understand the present critical world situation, it is plausibly pertinent to review our history so that we may be able to draw a concise and correct conclusion.

After World War I, fifteen largest nations of the world met in Paris.

●
by FRED SISON
●

in 1928 with the sole purpose of enhancing world peace. The pact, after a thorough deliberation, was called the Paris Pact or the Bryan-Kellog Pact. The substance: (a) it condemned war as a method of settling disputes; (b) it renounced war as a national policy; (c) it promised to seek peaceful means for settling any quarrels. Surely, the world had reason to rejoice at such a glad tiding. Peace, it seemed, has become a reality — no longer a dream. Grim countenances that had experienced untold sufferings changed into hopeful grins. Even the British Prime Minister, Neville Chamberlain was so happy that he manifested his optimism thus: "There is peace in our time." And the people took the phrase hook-line-and-sinker, without taking into consideration the fomenting

whatever hopeful expectation they nobly nurtured was curtailed. Fear of new world war tortured their minds as martial music accompanied by the rattle of tanks and roar of cannons polluted the once peaceful atmosphere. Japan withdrew her membership from the League of Nations, followed conspicuously by Italy and Germany. The world was in pandemonium. Japan fought China and Russia in Asia; Italy created havoc in Africa by conquering Ethiopia; in the western hemisphere Germany began to expand its territory by seizing smaller nations nearby and its tumultuous invasion in Poland brought the war to Europe in 1939. Two years later, after Japan sent her emissary to America for the promotion of world peace, she treacherously bombed Pearl Harbor on the dawn of December 7, 1941. The powder keg was ignited and the thunderous fury of its explosion was felt the world over.

The calamitous and gruesome effects of the war reached its stupendous climax when an A-bomb was dropped in the heart of the City of Hiroshima on August 6, 1945, changing the beautiful landscape to hideous ruins of distorted steel and mangled bodies of two hundred thousand innocent civilians who are now forever sealed in their graves. The rest is now history.

It is a sad fact to note, that man has never learned the lesson which the recent war taught him. A new war is brewing which threatens mankind with absolute annihilation; the world is now sitting on a thermo-nuclear powder keg. New hydrogen bombs have the destructive force of forty million tons of TNT, or capable of blasting the day-lights out of four hundred million human beings at one setting.

Perhaps to feebly avert this kind of global destruction, delegates from France, Australia, England, New Zealand, Pakistan, Thailand, America, and the Republic of the Philippines met in the historic city of Manila on September 6 of last

(Continued on page 8)



Laugh . . . and the world . . .

Ed's note:—Contributions for this section are welcomed. Contributors must reveal the source or sources of his article and it must be typewritten.)

At a dinner party the hostess, whose kittenish ways were most annoying, produced a family album. "This," she said coyly, holding up a mother-and-child picture, "is myself 28 years ago."

A guest examined the photograph, then asked slyly:
Who is the baby on your lap?

— This Week

★ ★ ★

With so many married students in college these days, unusual situations are not infrequent. Still, I was a bit startled to read the following excuse for absence from my Tuesday-Thursday class: "Please excuse my absence Thursday. I am in the hospital having a baby. Will be in class Tuesday."

— Mildred Silver (Reader's Digest)

★ ★ ★

Said writer Somerset Maugham, on his 75 birthday: "When I was 20, I made up my mind to quit at 50 and have a good time. When I was 50 I decided to keep at my work until I was 70."

"And at 70?" asked a newsman.

"At 70," said Maugham, "I realized how right I had been at 20."

— Reader's Digest

★ ★ ★

On a bright June morning in the early 90's, Bernard Shaw, full of revolutionary ideas, was speaking before a crowd in a city park. Poised on a large circus barrel, he alternately stirred his audience to cheers and jeers.

Suddenly, he disappeared from view. He had dropped through the barrel. The crowd rocked with laughter, but as he was hoisted out again, Shaw declaimed, "Surely nothing more need be said. The weight of my argument can always be depended on to carry me through."

— Reader's Digest

★ ★ ★

Three prisoners in a Czechoslovak prison were holding a whispered conversation in secret. The first prisoner whispered: "I'm here because I was suspected of being in sympathy with Radak." The second whispered: "I'm here because I was accused of plotting against Radak." The third whispered: "I'm Radak."

— Quoted

UNREST FOR THE . . .

(Continued from page 7)

year which was carried over last February in Bangkok, to forge a defense system in Southeast Asia dedicated to the defense of human dignity and to protect and maintain the liberty of man. The treaty is known as the SEATO TREATY which contains provisions similar to that of the Paris Pact.

Everybody rejoiced at the good news. "At last there will be peace!" exclaimed the people. The President of United States was exultant when he told his people that "the Manila Pact (SEATO) brings together states of the East and West towards the peaceful progress to all." One could not but feel the tinge of joy in his voice when he paid tribute to the Manila Pact.

But hardly had the exuberant expectation died down, the ominous writing on the wall appeared again. Scarcely had the ink from the pens of the delegates dried, the Communists trained their long-range guns at the tiny Nationalist bastion of the island of Quemoy and Tachen. The people became panicky again upon seeing in bold headlines the shaky situation in Formosa. President Eisenhower acted immediately by securing the necessary strength and backing from the US congress by submitting the over-all situation to the body. He was unanimously backed up by the Congress and his power re-defined to the extent of giving him ample discretion to act upon the Formosan question.

Meanwhile Soviet Russia announced that Georgi Malenkov was no longer premier. Marshal Nicolai Bulganin took over the premiership. Malenkov's "co-existence" proposal to the world lost popularity after his downfall. Now the new premier wants no war he says, but "let us just be friends". But no sooner than he said those words, Chinese Reds downed a Sabre-jet who happened to "walk into" their lines. Furthermore, Premier Chou En Lai, the favorite, sidekick of the Soviets, threatened that if the US should want war, they could easily demolish her.

The world situation is a messy one. Pope Pius XI in 1938 said in cogent terms: "Face to face with us is drawn up the lugubrious array of the militant goddess, shaking the clenched fist of the Anti-christ against everything that we hold

(Continued on page 31)

Lines
to the
Faculty
Muse

★

by *Atty.*
Mario Ortiz



Mr. Edgerdo Severino, mouse; Miss Rosario Rodil, muse.

(With apologies to our
globe-trotting poet laureate,
Atty. Cone Faigao).

★

And
Mouse

★

To the Faculty Muse

IF I WERE

A PAINTER gifted with the magic brush,
I'd paint thy angel face on gilt-edged canvas:
Thy lovely lips in sweetest nectar-red,
Thy eyes in limpid pools of diamond,
Thy cheeks the very hues of Heaven's dawn.

A SCULPTOR, I would carve a chiseled likeness
Of your winsome form, that majestic grace
And capture those delicate features
In hard molave, drive Venus mad with envy
O'er thy youthful charm and celestial beauty.

A COMPOSER of Beethoven fame,
I shall weave paeans around your name—
Rapturous, enchanting, exciting
Songs from Orpheus, dreamy as waltz
Music for the young in hearts.

A POET, I shall write sonnets to you, my lady:
A toast to that rare devotion to duty.
I shall tell the world in lines profuse
How wonderful you are, my dearest Muse.

YET I needn't be a genius for all these
I can be myself and humbly wish
To be thy slave and pledge allegiance
O Queen of romance, belle of this dance,

To the Faculty Mouse

Do not be offended, Sir,
That you are chosen Mouse,
For being near such cheesecake,
You're the envy of the house.

'Tis not every day
One wins favor from you Beauty.
You are now a Prince—
So, Mouse or Man, what's the difference?

But I warn you, little man,
Be a good mouse, if you can
Do not nibble, do not bite
Always do that which is right.

There's no hurry, but do not tarry
Pick yourself a pretty bride.
You're not old, so do be bold—
Rescue one from spinsterhood.

I shall burn incense at thy feet,
I shall worship you my sweet
For tonight and from here on
You are my Magnificent Obsession.

CATHEDRA *Sidelights*

LET US make man to our image and likeness, is the answer God gave at the dawn of creation. With a loving liberality of a Lord whose wealth is never lessened, God has made man an image of Himself, a being with mind and free will, with a power of self-mastery; and with an excess of divine generosity, He has given man a share in the government of the corporal world. Adam in his own human nature was created to the image of God. His body and soul, in both their being and their doing, were a far-off copy of the Divine life and activity. But Adam was also created in the likeness of God, by being created in grace, an adopted son of God with the final aim to find his end in God.

By sinning, however, by loving himself more than God, he was trying to find his end in himself. Adam and his wife rebelled against their Creator and Benefactor and wanted to be like God. Since Adam's fall mankind rebels against God. We, children of Eve, likewise want to drag God down to our level, to turn and distort His image until it resembles ours.

You are God's own child.

You became, through Our Lord's merits, that which Adam lost by sin. The prophet Isaiah has foretold the birth of Christ: "A CHILD IS BORN TO US". And in the Holy Night the angel said to the shepherds, "A savior has been born to you, who is Christ the Lord." They found the babe lying in the manger. (Luke II: 11, 16). Since then at every Baptism our holy mother Church rejoices, "A child is born to us".

Through baptism we become in actual fact sons and daughters of God. Like children adopted into a family, we have received complete rights and privileges of children born into God's family. We Catholics believe that the child through baptism is actually adopted by God as His child and therefore it has a right to know all it can learn about Him.

Through the supernatural image impressed on your soul just as sharply as the image of Caesar

was impressed on the Roman coin, you belong to God. You are His now, and you will be His for all eternity if you keep His image clear on your immortal soul.

You are a representative of God in the visible world.

You are a wonderfully exalted creature, a being equipped with many noble faculties of soul and body. One day Louise de France, the daughter of Louis XV, said to her governess in a fit of temper, "Know you not that I am the daughter of your king?" The governess answered, "And know you not that I am the daughter of your God?" Noblesse oblige. A prince must live prince-like, the son of a king kingly, a child of God godlike. By God's grace you are made "par-

"Since you have a body and a soul, you can make either one the master. You can make the body serve the soul which is the Christian way, or you can make the soul serve the body which is the miserable way. It is that choice which makes life so serious." (Fulton J. Sheen)

Are we not really a bundle of contradictions? We more often choose what we like, rather than what is best of us.

"I see and approve the better things of life. The worse things of life I follow." (Ovid) "The good which I will, I do not; But the evil which I will not, that I do." (St. Paul)

"An unequivocal voice in your moral consciousness tells you

What are YOU Like?

by Rev. Fr. M. RICHARTZ, S.V.D.

taker of the Divine Nature" so that something of God's life and activity is in you.

"Your body by grace becomes a Temple of God. A temple is a place where God dwells and since God dwells in your soul by grace, your body is His Temple. "Know you not that you are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" (1 Cor. 3, 16). This is the basic reason why you as a Christian must be pure in thought and deed." (Fulton J. Sheen)

"Let us realize that we have within us a most splendid palace built entirely of gold and precious stones — one that is fit for so great a Lord — and that we are partly responsible for the condition of this building, because there is no structure so beautiful as a soul filled with virtues, and the more perfect these jewels are, the more brilliantly do the jewels shine. Within this palace dwells the mighty King who has deigned to become your Father, and who is seated on the throne of priceless value, by which I mean your heart." (St. Teresa)

You are called by grace to live a life wholly supernatural.

How often do we excuse failures by saying, "It's only natural." That comes up to justify everything from a small lie to living in adultery.

that your acts of wrong-doing are abnormal facts in your nature. They ought not to be. There is something wrong inside of us. God made us one way; we made ourselves, in virtue of our freedom, another way. Christ by His Cross and Resurrection atoned for man's sins. By God's grace now we grow up to be His Children, and God is our Father, Christ is our Brother, and the Holy Spirit is the Guest in our soul. — Be conscious that your every thought, word and deed are enacted before the Divine Audience. Let the Christ be the Listener in your conversation, your Companion in every walk, your Neighbor in every street, your Giver in every gift, and your Lover in every love." (Fulton J. Sheen)

ON WOMEN'S HITCH-LINE

(Continued from page 6)

racial stock males, single, from foreign countries, in order to give our women a greater opportunity for marriage? (NOTE FROM ED: Congressman Cabarroquis may be available for this). I'm pretty sure there are many men who'll leap up to this chance and a lot of women who'll agree with it. Of course, the idea seems ridiculous, but if it works out, it will really make the moon bluer for women's hitch-line.

WHEN ICH plunged into the greatest crush in all his useless life for a girl whom he adoringly called Hellie, he changed our lives so fast that I began to have doubts if I was liv-

... from Boy Scout to Girl Scout ...

mates for the second semester was a little late. A month had already elapsed since enrollment and we were sure they would be strangers. And sure enough they were. We arrived merry as usual. The professor took one good look at us and dropped down his seat like a

camel exhausted by the two humps in his back. Ich moved up to him and in an alto voice, screamed "Good Morning, dear professor!" and turning to his classmates, continued, "and how are my classmates this fine mor..." That was all he
(Continued on page 12)

The

Metamorphosis Of Joselito Bellito

a T-V production

ing my own. Ich is a pretty peculiar sort of a guy. Ever since the boys in class gave him that scratchy name, he never called anybody else by his or her right monicker. Perhaps to hit back at us who never thought of changing it. We had grown up into young men... considering the fact that we used to be, frog-trappers, window-busters and second-story terrors of the teachers' classrooms.

Ich calls me Jelly for no reason at all. What Joselito's got to do with a horrible name like Jelly, is still beyond me. But trust Ich to inaul your personality by those weird labels he attaches on you. The name stuck and, throughout the story, you'll have to know me as such.

Now coming back to Hellie. Her real name was Helen... Helen something. I clearly recall the time when Ich first saw her... although it wasn't anything as common as just seeing her... he was actually beholding her, as if she was a goddess or the like.

We always had been a rowdy pair, off and on class periods. Although most of our casualties used to be only chairs and tables and the etcetera of those kind... we improved to twisting our classmates' necks, putting cute lizards in the girls' handkerchiefs and throwing balled papers at our professor. Our improvement was such that our professor in English began to have doubts whether he had really taken the right vocation. The time we decided to take a look at our class-



Campuscrats

By
Rosario Teves



Dios. Pretty ADELINE GUIBONE was in a dreamy blue number. BELLA BELLO wore a widely shirred green party dress. Such a big heap of fun! sez SILVERIANA PAHANG. LUZ PEPINO, the jrs. prexy enjoyed it a lot, "in spite of the man shortage," she added. But of course, what of the best management of one of the best teachers, the always-smartly-dressed, Mrs. Gutierrez!

It's no wonder February 14 seemed a blue Monday. St. Valentine must have been terribly tired having been held-up and deterred on the 13th at the roof garden by the Libarts who was having a pre-Valentine party. It was a superb affair. The ever-active and cheerful AIDA LORENZO remarkably managed the program.

I didn't know LOURDES RIFAREAL could drink the contents in a coke bottle with one gulp till she won the drinking contest. JUNIOR ARANAS' rendition of "Don't Blame Me" was a bit better than Vic Damone's. . . Was it Helen Fernandez or Gwen Rafols who almost swooned? ROSE BAGUIO said her escort was a brother (or a cousin?) sure, sure, we believed her! NENE ANTIGUA, AURORA CONOL, and ELSIE AZCONA were becoming in their shyness. NONIE ALERRE rendered a love song. . . Eddie Cabatangan arrived when the party was over. . . quite dramatic, wasn't it, Ed? Too bad I'm not a prexy, too, Joe Villaluz remarked enviously. . . Gloria Mayol wore the cutest Valentine pin.

The H-line is definitely here for keeps. The boys. . . oddly enough. . . seem to admire it. . . I didn't know boys could be clothes-conscious until I heard DELFIN CAMPOS, ERNESTO ABEAR and RALDON GONZALEZ having definite opinions about it. RUDY VERGARA and ILDEFONSO BURGOS were eyeing approvingly MILLIE VILLAMAR'S H-line. The boys are getting to be authorities on fashion.

Who are inspired these days? All right, no squealing. . . although the future architect, ERLINDA LAYNO, is one of them. . . Somebody from the eng'g department has an eye on her. NANDO GEOTINA too is always seen around with a PORTIA whose name is. . . Perhaps CAROLINA TROCIO is another inspired birdie. . . Still another is brainy

(Continued on page 38)

A Teacher's (ANY TEACHER'S) Lament

(With apologies to Poe and others.)

by MRS. AVELINA GIL

It was many and many a semester ago
In this kingdom by the sea,
That a teacher could boast of a teaching
load
That could feed and clothe in passable
mode
The teacher, his wife, and his children
three.

Classes are many, on paper, that is,
In this kingdom by the sea.
But students, alas, are fewer than few
And classes are made of students, how
true!
And six assigned classes shrink down to
two!

So all the night-time I kneel on my knees
And pray the good Lord to please, oh
please,
Multiply my students like bread and fish!
Or make the prices of things decrease.
Or, golly! our salary rate increase
So then I can eat not corn and fish
But, like true teachers, even ham and
cheese!

THE METAMORPHOSIS . . .

(Continued from page 11)

got to finishing. Right in front of him was the big period and its name was Helen. He gaped at her, dropped his jaw and stood there like Winston Churchill watching the fall of England at its gravest hours. I stared at him, he stared at me, I stared at what he was staring at, what he was staring at stared at me, I stared at Ith' again, he was staring at her. . . our stares collided and I said, "Let's call it a draw."

I asked the poor guy, "What's eatin' ya Ith'?"

"Ith!" Helen frowned, then in a subdued kind of a laughter, proceeded to laugh Ith right down to his seat.

A Student's

(ANY STUDENT'S)

Lament

(With apologies to my English majors;
likewise, to Poe and others.)

by E. M. DIOLA

It was many and many a semester ago
In this kingdom of the "C"
That a student could toast to a teacher's
mood
That could inspire and spur him on to
broad
O'er these notes on grammar and
chemistry.

Classes are many, yes, and students too,
In this kingdom of the "C",
But some teachers are stricter than strict
And students select, alas, how true!
Not the cranky but the good maestro!

The reason—if Madam or Sir, you wish
to know—
Why six assigned classes shrink down to
two:

Hark you, hark! I will tell a barber's tale
So students will swarm like bullwag for
sale:

Sir, if you, your wife and your children
three
Want to eat not corn and fish but ham
and cheese,

Make the mortality of tests decrease
Or, golly, our gawking grades increase!
Or better still, take that frown away
from your face!

Helen was an angel. Well, at least, she looked like one. All she really needed was a vibrant halo above her head. Take one good gulp of her and you'd never be apt to forget those wily dark eyes and completely angelic hair... like a flowing mane that curved down but no farther than the collar. You'd notice her milky-white skin and way up was a nose so cute that could have been the greatest controversy that a nose isn't just for breathing and smelling. On Helen, it made her look like a queen. Her eyes were encased in a kittenish casket and stared at you not just to see, but to turn you and scatter you into molecules. After she had stared at Ich to his last molecule, she started working on me. But I got wise to her, and

(Continued on page 18)



LEVEL

by JUNE SALGADO

EPITAPH . . .

They cometh and goeth
Buddy Q. and Torius too:
If B.Q. was slang crazy,
Torius was simply crazy.
(Oh... 'bout how girls cometh
and goeth)

"CAJOLING"

... Have you ever been jailed? We... almost (Whew! gives us the creeps just trying to think about it.) A police patrol caught us unaware—no tail light; no driver's license; and... overloaded! That was last December when we went caroling on a panel truck: [Mastermind-Vicky Manguera; Driver-Junior Alcantara; Gasoline-Junior Enriquez!] The cops must've had the Christmas spirit, too, besides the pleadings made by the girls. They let go of us. So, on we go... "Silent night, Holy night [5 bucks]... "Jingle bells, jingle bells" [10 bucks!]

U.S.C. DAY

... The big crowd was still there. They still filled the seats on the quadrangle. They still jam-packed the corridors. And they still went around the booths to see the exhibits. They were still there, because, more or less, they were observing... tradition. But that big crowd might not be there anymore next time—because tradition is being left out. Who wants that to happen?... not us. But if nothing is done about it—it will happen, and when it does, it will be the saddest moment of any Carolinian. Don't you think so?

The parade was grand. It was still one of the city's biggest attraction. But going back to the school grounds, the exhibits were all the same (except for the miniature prize-winning model

town of the Architecture-Engineering Dept.) old things that people see every time they come around. The carnival spirit was gone... no more raffles, no more rats and rabbits, no more dice and roulette wheels; and... no more barters! The programs were simply lousy. There were only lots of clumsy and boring dances. The plays were gone, too. It was for that reason that the festivities were dragged into the middle of the night. It just was not the same anymore.

Aw, cheer up, anyway and let's hope for the good ol' times come back. We can still hold back the Big Crowd [Take it from there, Ed].

LIGHTER SIDELIGHT

It takes days to make a float. It costs a lot, gives a lot of head-aches, takes lots of hands to finish it. And then, it rolls on the road with the parade—magnificent and beautiful. After the parade, it takes only a few hours for Capt. Tikoy's (Master Carpenter) "demolition" squad to wreck the whole thing. Why, one girl actually cried seeing her department's float being torn apart! (...didn't win a prize, girlie?)

Maybe Caryl Chessman, the famous author of "Death Row" was right when he said that every man has a little larceny in his heart. You remember those tiny-little models of buildings in the Architecture-Eng'g booth... somebody pocketed my little bungalow. Somebody also swiped my classmate's little ocean liner from the "pier" of the Model Town. A lot of other models were lost. Next time, Architects, make the models bigger-than pocket-size!

• E N D •

Have you fifty friends? . . . it is not enough. — Have you one enemy? . . . it is too much. — Italian Proverb

ROTC



PRELUDE TO TACTICAL INSPECTION

The school stands for the student population. USC is always behind any valid undertaking of any Department. Come Tactical Inspection, March 6 and 9, the hopes and prayers of an expected success will spell what the Department of Military Science & Tactics has been doing all these times.

The darkest hour of any cadet in a lawful competition is on the eve of great efforts when the goal which was at hand seems to fade away because unknown defects and unexpected ideas pass in review during unguarded moments, and all those things that were considered well-planned appear to be badly conceived.

It is a time when all the elements of the world is against the leader, and the cruel shadows of doubt little by little destroy his fortitude. To face the problem is no longer the question, but how to bear the harsh impact of reverses. Patience. Yes, that is the solution. Because for every weed of uncertainty that grows in the garden of his imagination obscures the unimportant flecks of failure.

However, all is not encircling gloom before the fight. The strength of courage is there, grace under stress, as Hemingway puts

it. The beauty of rivalry is measured in terms of acts of courage, not selfishness. For who would cheer the victor and share the woes of the vanquished if there is no fair play? None. Hence, sportsmanship looms above personal motives. Though different Unit Commanders employ unlike tactics all the procedures result in one conclusion: for love of country.

PRIDE, PREJUDICE & ACTIVITIES

Much has been said and written about pride and the brutal by-product which is prejudice only to discharge the inhibited feelings. Pride is the cause of the rise and fall of empires, a historian tells. Yet, it can be harnessed for useful ends. It can be applied like opium in regular doses or as a blood plasma to a humble man. It depends then in the motive and purpose of a person.

A USC ROTC cadet has many reasons to be proud to wear his uniform. From the regular and usual street parades to the highly meticulous affair of ushering during the Marian Congress down to the unsavory guarding business many a comment has been advanced. ".....as a member you bore the

by
FELIPE M. VERALLO JR.

★ CHATTER ★

brunt of the difficult job, causing you to miss your sleep, and sometimes you have been a victim of conceited and ill-mannered persons while performing duty.... Your splendid performance is a credit to your good self and your school; you truly deserve the praises of the grateful people of Cebu." That was the commendation from Lt. Col. Felipe M. Fetalvero, Task Force Commander, Operation Marian. And from Mayor Jose Rodriguez has this to say: "... please extend personally to the boys under you... for the efficient management by the ROTC of the crowd, the traffic, and the various activities during the Marian Congress.... my sincerest thanks and appreciation of the excellent work and cooperation." The Army top kicks commends the Capt. Anacleto S. Garcia, Commandant, USC ROTC Unit: "... the splendid performance has elevated in no small measure the prestige of the AFP in general and the 111 MA in particular."

To the selfless cadets belong the big "hurrah" for a job well earned. May the Blessed Virgin give us more graces to do greater tasks now and always.

ACTIVITIES

Emergencies demand snap. When Cardinal Quiroga visited USC the cadet officers of the same school were utilized and contributed their share properly.

December 19, 1954 was a rainy day and the high heavens refused to stop the intermittent shower in order that the cadets could execute the tentative plan. Nevertheless, the familiarization trip to Danoc netted the desired results minus the usual lollies.

DIE-HARDS & DETRACTORS

Die-hards are made not born. They come in varied shapes and forms. No alien charm compels them to work. The mere fact that they belong to a distinct class make their pulse beat faster, their eyes brighter. Under the sky, all efforts are one and one for all. Mostly, they are the non-commissioned officers, the cadets of the Corps. Restless they are, if they don't understand, once they know their

attitude is firm. As a backbone of the organization they drill, march, receive scolding, learn and get promoted; this cycle continues: ad infinitum.

Directly opposed to these bunch of men are the detractors. They ridicule, tear to pieces the military when given a chance to do it. It is sad to note that some teachers who ought to inspire are the sources of discouragement. A little mistake is magnified to great extent. Like the small boy who was told to find what he saw on a clean sheet of paper except a small dot uttered: "a small dot." Such is the foolishness of people. The greater good is forgotten, the minor error is given more weight. At this formative years of a student proper guidance is necessary and should be supplied to correct any wrong concept immediately.

LOYALTY

What price loyalty?

Man lives to fulfill an ideal, not to frustrate it. And ideals differ from one person to another. Tennyson had a very high ideal. Others like ideals that can be obtained. In the process of attaining it, man becomes loyal to something for calculated reasons. Ambitions unfulfilled diminishes loyalty. Thus, there are few men whose loyalty becomes questionable because their inordinate ambition is shattered.

Loyalty is a spirit. The fighting spirit, the strong impulse to go against great odds. It is also faith. To be trustworthy to a cause. Not trust because in the first, common sense is used; the second, morose belief. The true faith is that all lessons were well taught and absorbed by the cadets, that if any irony of fate happens, the responsible men tried their best.

PASSWORD

The Army is getting big. Five new cars are too much for the Juan de la Cruz to be ridden by a handful of generals. Why talk of foreign aggression when it cannot stop Kamlon? More of these unkind statements run in bold letters in the newspapers.

Down with the Army! Down with cadet officers! Down with discipline! Down with ROTC! Don't you think it is a high time to rebel and rally behind a new banner and shout: Up from the prejudice of vested interests! Up from the ignorance of men! Up from the big-

(Continued on page 39)



The Corps Sponsor

Sylph-like Cadette Col. PERLA GOYENCHE is this year's Corps Sponsor. Cadet sponsors are chosen from the elite class of femme fatales of the university. They've got to have the brains to go with their beauty . . . and vice versa. So, here she is. The first lady of the Cadet Corps. You don't have to gaze hard at her picture to see whether she has the beauty and the corresponding brain.

VITAL "STATICS"

Loves. Gardner
Loathes .	Wolves
Belongs to:	(not you, brother) Sigma Phi Rho Sorority, enrolled in College of Commerce
Bakes	Cakes
Dessert	Jam (Sessions)
Adjectives.	Fluent nose, auburn hair, Spanish import (not for export)

The Masque of Norkca

Norkca is a woman. Norkca is not the light at night, not even the constancy of deep sleep. Women are flowers. Norkca is not a flower..... but she is a woman. Your mother is tender. Yes? That is because she is a woman. Norkca is not tender, but Norkca is a woman.

Norkca laughs. Like swollen valleys, her breast rises up and down and her face is never the same. Like shifting clouds, it changes before your eyes and out comes her voice for laughter. Her laughter is pealing and tinkling, like the fall of water upon the roof.

All women laugh, but not like Norkca.... although she is a woman.

Norkca is a sad woman. Even her laughter is sad and everybody cries instead of laughing with her. Norkca weeps while she laughs. And often, there is rain while she laughs and above us there are no stars. Norkca is sad.... the whole world is sad.

Norkca's lips are swollen too. Upturned and uplifted and swollen like a fresh wound from a sharp knife. Her lips tell things.... all kinds and sorts. Norkca is a woman with lips like hands. If there is a moon to light your eyes, you cannot see Norkca's lips.... although she is a woman.

Norkca's hands are not like her lips. They are very tall and very dark and very slender. Slender and dark most of all..... so much like the legs of cranes. They touch you like the breath from her mouth. You will not know if Norkca is touching you or kissing you.

Tomorrow, Norkca is going to die. She is not sick or too old.... she is just going to die. Often, the horizons grow crimson when she dies and there is soft light coming from the sky. Norkca always dies when morning comes.

Day is a man, that is why Norkca is a woman.



RANUDO Jr.

The Song of the Midnight Wind

... and there is hunger here, here
where there is no desire to desire;
here where the voice speaks only
through closing doors...

He has...

*a fashioned tendency to love you, if
only the spreading wings of winds
did not own the one tongue that makes
the days, if only the sound of silence
were no whirlwind that stops his
tongue.*

But he has seen the coming of glee
which he purported to be tangible.
He has seen the coming of seasonal
emotions running wildly over hill
and dale that constituted his hand
in the book... certainly the bow-
ing heads of silver heat makes you
know... that is the only time...
and these things he learned of you.

To be beautiful...

*did you not luster your hair with
the white light from the Sun to
drive away the shadows that fall
like careless fingers on your head?
Did you not steal the grace of
bending starlight at twilight and that
of the leaping fawn in the forest
and slip it with your limbs to pliant
your body? Did you not wait for the
constant Aurora and catch it with
your eyes... and did you not possess
it forever to look into him like a
million prancing fireflies? Did you
not wait for that moment when the
sea turns to foam in the cold of the
dawn and did you not rub it on
your skin... to be tendered and
whitened and colored with angel's
hair? Did you not roam among the
meadows where the crimson ver-
million grows and brush your lips
against a bud or two? And that*

*little angel who sings at night, did
you not steal its voice and drop it
down your throat?*

The heart of Tommie searched
the... the evening light, the shall
of moment, and I, the midnight
wind. Ask us:

*how feels your skin?
how light your breath?
how smells your hair?
how queer your dreams?*

(And to sing his song,

*did he not flee from yards and
yards of complexion because his face
was a stranger with falling pray'r?
Did he not scoop his ears with
stainless hands to close away your
laughter that is a wish, falling upon
a chair of stars? Do you not hear
him scurry, scarily into darkened
corners and caves and black as
caves.... afraid that his fleeing
steps may carry him closer into that
land where there is no recall?)*

(... his song rises from the sea and
in the walls of the earth, the weep-
ing willow grows...)

And I, the midnight wind, had said.
"I have flown over all these you
see, over all those you imagine to
be... I have caressed the faces of
Princesses and fairies and Tommie.
dear Tommie, she the gem I saw
in the deepest waters, playing along
the gentle sea lanes, gliding along
the gentle sea lanes... you shall
forever see her standing in huge,
thick doors where my father, the
sweeping wind, meets your love;
fury for fury, softness for softness,
depth for depth for depth. Yours is
not to linger by huge, thick doors.
Her way is not your way... your
doors lead to nothingness"

PAGE 17

followed Ich after my second to the last molecule. Ich nudged my floating ribs and whispered, "Do you know of a better way to die."

"Yes," I answered him, "study our lessons."

Helen was a drugstore attendant. All first year Pharmacy students look turns looking beautiful at the school's drugstore counter. This proved detrimental to my budget, because soon enough, Ich began saving our allowances and started spending it on the drugstore. He used to buy all kinds of things from the drugstore when Helen was around. He didn't buy anything special, on second thought, he didn't buy anything in particular. His purchases ranged from cough drops to molasses (which were about the only edible things he bought) then from penicillin to antirabies. It's a good thing they didn't have refrigerated mummies in there . . . I sure would have hated to lug it around with the girls trying to guess which one was refrigerated and which one was warm. I don't look that bad, at least, not like a cold mummy would.

Well, after exhausting our fund, and pushing ourselves from third grade cigarettes to stealing old women's rolled tobaccos . . . Helen found out that Ich was alive and very much a member of this world. Ich is not a bad looking dope. He could offer a mean competition to any handsomer dopes, if there are any such creatures. He was not so tall, but pretty attractive in an Alan Laddish sort of a way. Girls always did give him a tumble. But I soon found out why. With me for a background, monsters could look like real people.

But I am neither here nor there. The trouble really started when Helen started falling for Ich. She didn't fall in love with him little by little; she fell for him like a duck bagged down by some sadistic gunner.

It happened on my birthday party. Mother (the little know-it-all) had prepared an all teenagers blow-out. Among the invited guests were ex-boy scouts, ex-classroom scourges, ex-log trappers and the girls in our class who were convinced that Ich and I had reformed. We really had changed a lot in the last few days, but to which direction, it was hard to tell.

(Continued on page 25)

I Wanna Go To Congress!

by Cesario A. Mella, College of Law

ASKED one of my classmates why he wants to be a lawyer. His answer came straight and frank: "The law profession fascinates me. A lawyer has more chances of going to Congress than the man with the hoe. And when one is in Congress. . . ."

He began to enumerate a dozen and one things that are found in Congress which are available to a congressman but not to any other man. He mentioned as an example, the pork barrel. I chuckled at his innocent pass from the sublime to the ridiculous. But I didn't blame the fellow for feeling that way. He sensed that by knocking the law, he could get away with it and live like a *majorajah* on a pleasure trip. And actually, there is much hay in Congress which could raise a co-chero's standard of living to that of a king's.

Then I began to consider the thought, myself. Wishful thinking of course. Suppose I would, by chance, cop the first place in the bar through the benefits of a leakage in the examinations? That would be a great honor! (There's honor among thieves, you know.) And being a topnotcher in the state quiz, surely that would be a good platform for me to use when I start campaigning for a representative's . . . er, (tacitless of me) representative's post. Yeah, man! But let's leave this to my campaign manager. Let us take my winnings, as a congressman, for granted.

Let's begin with the inauguration ball. Surely, I won't miss it for anything. But I won't bring my wife—that's for sure . . . Why, she would even qualify for a bit part as a lady cockroach in a cartoon show! She will not be there—and that is final! Where were we? Oh, the inauguration ball. An inauguration ball, I guess, is a kind of high-brow jam session for the government of-

ficials held at the Malacañang Palace. All the wives of the officials-elect will be there to notice my 21-karat date from my office. (My secretary). And they'll say, "Jumping tadpoles! Take a good, good gander at Congressman Tagimtim's wife. Isn't she a phantom of delight?" He, he, he. By the time they would recover their senses, I'll be at the dining table munching on a Malacañang sandwich.

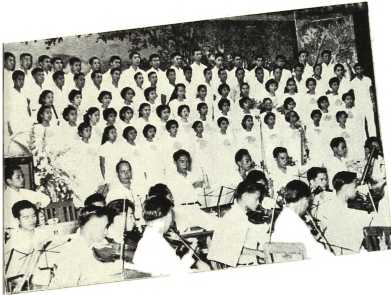
But there isn't much time for details now. Congress is in session. All the top chameleons of the state are there with mouths plugged by expensive cigars. I'll be there too, and since I don't smoke, I'll just have to content myself with a popsicle. Of course I won't participate in debates and discussions—I get the same pay, anyway. So why waste breath? But occasionally, I have to make some potshots in order to show to my provincemates that I am still part of the legislative gang and is there mainly for "the welfare of my people." I don't like repartees, especially those delivered inside the House, but sometimes an exchange of nasty words with a co-congressman is good for the newspapers. That's one way of getting publicity.

There will be those pesky lobbyists of course. Chiselers, who want a particular law to be passed for the good of their business or some kind of monkey business and want you to be its sponsor. They are very persuasive. Personally, I'd like to be persuaded by five P100.00 bills stuffed somewhere in my double-breasted suit. How I love to meet those characters!

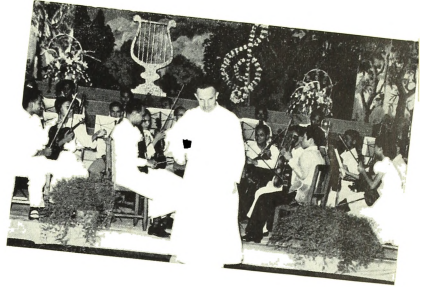
Yeah, man! I think I'll have to study first in order to tackle the bar exam. But if I study I won't like cheating anymore. And if I don't cheat, I won't top the Bar. So why should I study?

USC DAY

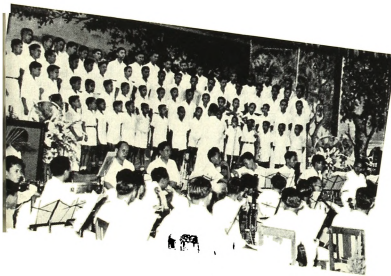
IN PICTURES



Concert...



Prelude to...



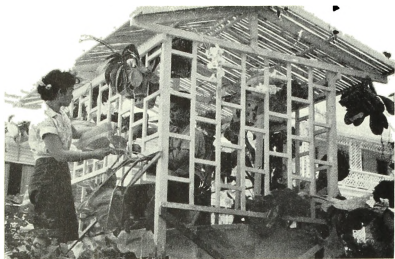
PROGRAMS

- **THE HEART** of a USC DAY is the program presented by all the different Departments.

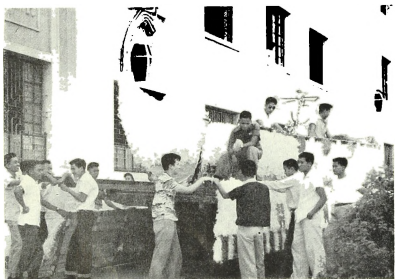
(Above) As the maestro raises the baton, all eyes seem to be drawn with it and its audience, voiceless . . . there is mystic silence. The hand goes down, the choirs sing and one by one the many tedious days of practice unfurls before the spectators' eyes.

The reward may only be a laugh, a deride, a smile, criticism or an applause but it is all that is really needed to let another memorable USC DAY pass away and forever stay in the memory of every Carolinian.

Preparations...



Last Minute...



• **THE IMMEDIATE** day before the Big Day, the student body is a tireless machine . . .

Feverish...





The Final Touch...

... **P**reparing, pasting, nailing, sewing, directing, painting,
... stopping only to refresh and
... work again!



Respite...



Then...

The Day Begins!!



FLOATS ON PARADE

- THE USC DAY is not for the student population alone. The whole city is given a holiday treat. As the floats (symbolized by the different Colleges) majestically reigns over the city streets, (like visiting monarchs) the traffic jams, the people stare and acquire the festive air that emanates from every face of the participants . . . it is USC DAY again.



Highlights of the UNIVERSITY DAY

by: A. SITOY



His Excellency, Archbishop Paul Yu Pin of Nanking. At right: The Archbishop with Father Rector and Fr. Dean Rahmann of the Graduate School.

College days will come and go, but the one that just passed will be remembered by all the students of the University who participated in its celebration and by the guests and patrons who saw the pageantry and lustre that was the traditional pattern of the fiesta. There was nothing new or unusual about it, but somehow there was something that made it different from the rest: a keen feeling of brotherhood borne in the hearts of everybody who helped make it the big day that it was.

Beautiful dance numbers and pretty girls were not lacking. Sports enthusiasts had a treat in the games played by the USC varsity against the CSJ and CIT teams. Khaki-clad cadets marched around the streets of the city; awe-inspiring floats wowed the Cebu populace with their magnificence and ingenuity.

Those interested in the Literary-musical programs filled the seats before the quadrangle and were suddenly lost by the touches of enchantment, of color, of realism and of over-all spectacle gracefully executed or portrayed by the dances.

What seemed to be a surprise to many was the appearance of Most Reverend Yu Pin, Archbishop of Nanking. He was fortunate enough to observe the celebrations, for, his stay in the Philippines was short. He was made to speak before the huge audience. He spoke with a Japanese accent and had for his main theme the queasy situation of Asia as it affects the relationship between China and the Philippines. He mentioned Communism as the root cause of all the unrest around Asia. Although he came from a troubled nation, his eyes seem to reflect an unperturbed mind and a peaceful soul. (For more pictures, see Pictorial Section)

USC Day's Bests

FLOATS:

- Most Artistic .. 1. Girls' High
2. Education
- Most Symbolic .. 1. Liberal Arts
2. Commerce
- Most Realistic .. 1. Alumni Association
2. Law
- Most Unique .. 1. Boys' High
2. Engineering and Architecture
- Most Ingenuous. 1. Pharmacy

EXHIBITS:

First Prizes:

1. Engineering and Architecture — most meaningful and practical
2. Pharmacy — most professional and appealing
3. Electronics — very impressive introduction to an up-to-date science.

Second Prizes:

1. Physics — very constructive composition
2. Biology — very instructive collections
3. Chemistry — exact scientific display.



Peace in his eyes...

BASKETBALL GAMES:

1. USC vs. CSJ (High School) — USC won
2. USC vs. CSJ (Varsity) — USC won
3. USC vs. CIT (Varsity) — CIT won
4. USC Faculty vs. Cathedral Fathers — Cathedral Fathers won

ROTC COMPETITION:

1. Best in Platoon Drill and in Weapons — Able Company
2. Best in Discipline, in Co. Drill, in Gen. Information — Baker Co.
3. Best Marching Unit — Charlie Company

• Ledinila Amigable •

STRANGE, how time could fly so fast. Yesterday, there were . . . starting off the new schoolyear with all the merry scramble and hectic excitement that came with it. Today, here we are . . . with the schoolyear about to end. Gee! isn't that something to crow about? Something to be thankful for after months and months of the long, tedious grind? Just thinking of the glorious two-month stretch ahead is enough to make any exam-wracked, lecture-bored student brighten up and smile. No wonder, one can see a lot of radiantly beaming faces in the campus these days. Smiling faces that seem to say, "all is right with the world." And believe me, they are not an unpleasant sight to have around!

Talking about smiles and beaming faces, are they not something we ought to be thankful for, too, in an age where almost everything appears hopelessly bleak and gloomy?

"But," sneers the cynic, "what is there to be thankful for" in this time of H-bombs, cold wars, unemployment and rice shortages? Surely, you don't feel thankful for these things."

Not so fast brother. You would not be so cynical if you will pause a moment and lend an ear to what the NICOLANIAN (San Nicolas College, Surigao) editorial says:

"Our sense of values have deteriorated to a point where we think that God's grace is to be reckoned only in terms of bank accounts, flashy automobiles, sole sets, etc. Yes, we are blind, hunting feverishly for the blizzard when it is right in our own backyards. The grace of God is all around us, things we have taken for granted because they are free and come in such abundance. The gift of soft warm air and life-giving sunlight, of sparkling emerald seas and ruby sunsets, of song and children's laughter, of teen-age shyness and the promise in a maiden's eyes—all these are gifts we view but cannot see."

The beetle that we see crawling upon a blade of grass never pauses to admire the softness or dewy greenness of the grass blade upon which it is crawling. Similarly, the

cow ruminating in the meadow never bothers to notice the butterflies and flowers around him, much less admire the eye-filling beauty of their colors, or wonder at the subtle mystery that lies beneath their breath-taking loveliness. Why is this? It is because beauty is for human eyes alone. Miss Eli Lagman of the CORPS (Philippine Military Academy, Baguio) confirms this in her article which runs in part:

"We love the beautiful. We love to look upon a beautiful landscape, to feast our eyes on a beautiful picture, to gaze at the grandeur of the wide starry heavens, to get

and you would wish you could slink out of the room unnoticed. Be sure your mind started before letting it mesh gears with your tongue. Otherwise—keep silent."

The little things we take for granted and seldom care to notice because they seem so drab and ordinary and uninteresting often surprise us by being just the opposite. That is, if we only try to look for the gem beneath the drab exterior. Take teachers, for example. Who would ever think that teachers could be such interesting people after all, and not just sadists who torture students on exam days? Miss Paz

THE ROVING Eye

lost in adoration of the loveliness of a beautiful face. But far above physical beauty is intellectual and moral perfection. A soul steeped in virtue, seeking naught else but union with God, surpasses all worldly charms."

But, you ask, if intellectual or moral beauty really surpasses physical beauty, then why do men prefer the beautiful-but-dumb female to the brainy type? It's simple: men can see faster than they can think. (Tsk! tsk! isn't it a pity!)

Have you ever tried to crack something witty, and your wise-crack instead fell flat on your face? Embarrassing, wasn't it? We know, for we all have been bunglers at one time or other. However, we need not fear about being embarrassed again by such verbal fumbles or lapsus linguae, as the Latins called them, if we just take this man-to-man advice of Mr. Ildefonso Lobaton in the SILLIMANIAN (Silliman U, Dumaguete City):

"When there comes on these sudden lags in a conversation, don't at once succumb to the temptation to say something bright and witty just for the sake of carrying on. The chances are you'll say something which will not reward you with smiles but with cold stares

Fuentes of the AUGUSTINIAN MIR-ROR (University of San Augustin) proves this in her delightful little essay:

"Teachers are the most interesting creatures that ever walked on two feet. They come in assorted sizes, weights, colors, and shapes. A teacher has the tolerance of a grandmother, the sympathy of a true friend, the gentleness of a dove, and the sincerity of a thumbprint. The teacher is the Hope of Youth, with horn-rimmed eyeglasses, a Builder of the Nation in spades, and the Light of Knowledge with a chalk in his hand."

If we look around in classrooms, especially during "unholy" hours in the afternoon, we can always spot one or two students dozing off in their seats, blissfully unaware of what's going on around them. Better watch out, fellows! That practice is illegal! Or is it? Professors think it is. But Miss Rosario Alo of the STAR (St. Theresa's College, Cebu City) believes otherwise and says in naive, feminine logic:

"I believe that there is nothing illegitimate about such sleeping, indeed, the professor seems to have an allergy for this 'illegal practice,' as they call it. They never respect a student's right to 'weigh (Continued on page 35)

Inter Alia

by P. L. Castellano

AMONG other things, we have self. And reason. And a certain amount of faith. By these three elements, we have caused the nights to overflow with neon lights, the imprint of an unshod foot on earth a subject of philosophy, the plains colored with waving-ripe grains, a fair hand to hand to move over the keyboard to soothe the mind, the rising bosom of a laughing woman to be portrayed in a poem, the gears to move and steam dark smokes above, and our market noisy with hawkers, which whether it is our gray marsh-mallows or our faint cardiacs working, you and I have passed it for our meal tickets to avenues of society.

But you and I would agree that the Communist malarkey is not worthy a grain of our sane attention. Lots of people are apprehensive about it when certainly it is not a threat, not quite so unless you are desperate. And a college-bred and a diploma holder, with a future, will be the last to die hanging on a rope swinging cold like a pendulum. Many of our families are of meager means, some cannot afford a decent home, but certainly that does

not make us desperate. Yet, daddy and uncle might be preparing for the ultimate blows now; but we are not going to, for we are already prepared.

With you and I, come what may. There will be small blasts and huge blasts, but that won't make us yellow; we will refuse to be afraid as we know it to be a thing not to be feared of.

Why? The answer can be the smell of our burnt flesh and the rumbles of our edifices. It shall be so, for among other things we also cleave to our immortality, our infinite life through our children and their generations. As Santayana had it, "We commit the blotted manuscript of our lives more willingly to the flames when we find the immortal text half engrossed in a fairer copy." And, further, the child and the parent is the normal end of all romantic love, despite its poetical delusion, and we have a family. When the family ceases to be a productive unit and finds its authority and its power appropriated by the state, you and I will never hold the Commies' moro-moro exciting.

THE METAMORPHOSIS . . .

The party progressed like any other party, except for that time when Leo, who was also smitten by Helen, tried to force her to do a new dance craze with him. Let me warn you that Helen was a very conservative sort of a girl. I never saw her fling an arm in the wrong direction, nor kick her legs out just for the fun of it. Now you wouldn't expect a girl like that to do the mambo. . . . would you? But Leo insisted that she should. And before he could actually lift her from her seat, Itch was around making himself available for an up-percut. But I knew Itch was a good boxer and I thought he was going to give Leo the works. In the next instance, I saw Itch sprawled on the floor his nose doing the mambo with Helen's shoes. I run to the

rescue but Itch stopped me and said that he didn't want any trouble because it would only embarrass Helen. Then and there I saw the color of love that came into Helen's face. I saw it very clearly.

Had it not been for that incident, this story would not have come to be. Because she had fallen for Itch, I met Manny. Manny, the cause and effect of all my misery.

I'll take it from here Jelly.

I'll get down to brass tacks. The boys call me Itch because each time that darn teacher in prep school called on me to recite the Legend of the Sleepy Hollow, I always came out with "Itch-cha-bod Crane" sound. Have your laugh, then let's get on with the story.

Let me tell you something about Joselito . . . or Jelly, as I often call

him. He's got a stare in his eyes that could melt the largest iceberg in the Antarctic. Although he stands three inches taller than I, still it didn't deprive me of my audacity to knock his knob whenever I felt like drilling some education into his head. He's got ears shaped like tobacco leaf but which droop down like a tired willow. An ordinance could be validly passed by the municipal board declaring his protruding cheekbones a "nuisance." Much as I hate to describe Jelly's way of walking, being aware of the libel laws and particularly his old man (He's the CFI judge of our district), yet I think I must if only to render a touch of fairness to you and the words, "poetic justice." You see, he walks like a chinese lady wearing iron shoes number three . . . which is quite impossible because he wears a size eleven. But that's no quib, coming from me. That's a fact. And enough of this. I'm not being kind to Jelly.

How we came to know Manny was really inevitable. It was one drizzling Sunday afternoon, and Jelly and I were sitting inside Helen's sala. Quite suddenly, Helen exclaimed, "By the way, I want you to meet Manny."

"A relation?" I asked.

"We have the same parents, that's all."

"Corny, corny," put in Jelly.

Who wants to meet a brother, I thought. He would be the last thing on earth I'd like to meet. At any rate, if he should be a brother, he couldn't be beautiful . . . I have yet to see brothers that are beautiful. The next thing I knew, I was already listening to light footfalls on the stairs that curved right in front of us. And there stood Manny who was not a man at all.

She was two or three shades darker than Helen, but was also a shade more invigorating than my Helen. If a painter was to paint a woman and he was given a black panther for a model, he'd produce an exact image of Manny. She was tall, her darkish skin as alluring as a tiger's sheen. Her short, uncurled hair were swept back to her nape and her eyes shone like lurid diamonds behind its quaint setting. From where I sat, I could tell that she was that kind of girl that's always on the honor roll of toptight society. This was one pulsating woman, I thought. I looked at Jelly and found that her beauty had

(Continued on page 30)

U.S.C. News

CESARIO J. MELLA
News Editor

ADELINO SITOV
ALFREDO SUBNAVENTURA
Associates

ROTC FAMILIARIZATION TRIP

The USC ROTC Corps held a familiarization trip to Danao viewing geographical features of some places especially connected with their training in map reading ways and means.

USC CLASS '30 ALUMNI HOLD REUNION

The last of the Carolinians who graduated from the old Colegio de San Carlos held their first reunion on Sunday, Feb. 20, at 7:00 A.M. in connection with the celebration of the tradition festivities of the university.

Many of the class '30 Carolinians have earned notable distinctions in religion, law, engineering, medicine, dentistry, business, farming, government administration and other pursuits in life.

USC TURNS OUT NEW ENGINEERS

New Junior Mechanical, Mechanical Plant, Certified Plant, and Civil Engineers turned out by USC who passed the last Engineering Examinations are the following:

Junior Mechanical Engineers — 100%: Delgado, Mercado; Escalderon, Alfredo; LauGuico, Nicolas; Lacia, Francisco; and Longalit, Samuel.

Mechanical Plant Engineers — 100%: Tumalak, Rodrigo.

Certified Plant Mechanics — 100%: Gonzales, Geofrey; Canga, Alberto; Mahusay, Diosdado.

Civil Engineers — 50%: Arquisola, Daniel; Gonzales, Jose; Jimenez, Felix.

A BELL FOR FR. BELL

We often see Rev. Fr. Peter Bellens (or "Father Bell" — as he is often called) focusing his camera in the campus. A few months from now he will be leaving for India to continue his work on photography. He is the official photographer in the Philippines for the SVD, and is connected with the SVD Catholic University in Chicago, U.S.A., who features documentary films for the mission.

During his stay in the Philip-

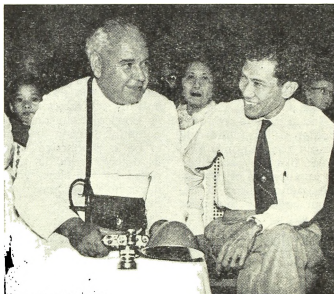
pines, he had taken pictures from universities, the mission work in Abra province, and the native life of the Mangyans in Mindoro island. This is only to mention a few of his films featured, some of them of which have been shown in the T-V shows in America. He covered Africa, Congo, Japan, China, Indonesia, Vias, New Guinea and the Philippines. His film taken locally at Indonesia is entitled, "Ria Rago", short for Maria Rago, and another film is "The Devil's Cook" which was also taken at New Guinea in which only one of the characters knew how to read and write, all

soner of war for 3½ years. In 1950, he traveled around the world taking pictures. His stay in the Philippines was mainly for photography.

'53-'54 LAW CLASS REGISTERS 100% BAR RATE

The USC College of Law Class 1953-'54 scored a 100% record when 17 of her candidates successfully passed the examination, chalking up a general average of 83.2%.

Four out of the five "Special" barristers obtained satisfactory grades. All those who graduated



Fr. Peter L. Bell chatting with a local photographer.
The subject: pictures.

of them were Kanakas. Both films are still on the run.

Fr. Bell was born in 1901 in Roermond, Holland. He was educated and was teaching under the SVD there for sometime before he engaged in shooting pictures for which he had devoted 25-30 years now. He is a graduate in photography at the New York Institute of Photography, and had taken special course in Hollywood prior to his work in the South Sea Islands with other fathers too. In Indonesia he had done 16 years of missionary work, where he was a pri-

in the previous year also made a perfect score in the recent government examination.

The 1954 successful barristers are: Joaquin G. Chung, Jr., Basilio A. Ramoa, Roland Lucero, Heber B. Catalan, Teofilo Busion, Jr., Dionisio Concepcion, Higinio B. Libron, Gil Vergara, Vicente C. Fanlag, Felipe V. Alkaino, Amado B. Bajarrios, Federico Cato, Teodoro R. Roca, Jose E. Fantonil, David Pio B. Dulanan, Jesus T. Ouano, and Teresita Calderon.

Those who were certified as "Special" students are: Pastor Tiu,

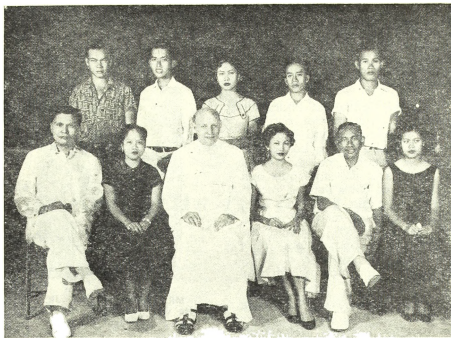
Retardo Santos, Emilio Lumontad, Jr., and Ramon Yu.

The previous year's graduates: Salvador G. Gandionco, Justiniano Jaen, Felixberto G. Deysolong, Cesar de la Calzada, Eugenio Abella, Francisco Llenos, Antonio T. Uy, and Alfonso Dalope.

ATTY. C. FAIGAO HONORED BY USC DEBATING CLUB

The officers and members of the USC Debating Club tendered a Bienvenida Party in honor of Atty. Cornelio Faigao, editor of the Southern Star and one of the advisers of the club, who recently arrived from the United States on an observation tour sponsored by the United States Government.

The officers of the club: Vicente Balbuena, president; Norma Fraejas, vice-president; Josefina Alvarez, secretary; Elsa Yap, treasurer; Samuel Fabroz, press relations officer; Francisco Ignalaga and Eligio Evarado, sgts-at-arms. Mrs. Bernadita B. Valenzuela, Atty. Cornelio Faigao and Atty. Mario D. Ortiz, advisers.



The arrival of Atty. Cornelio Faigao from United States was climaxed at U.S.C. by a Bienvenida Party given by the U.S.C. Debating Club. Photo shows the honoree, advisers and officers. Standing from left to right are: F. Ignalaga (Sgt-at-Arms), V. Balbuena (President), J. Alvarez (Secretary), S. Fabroz (P.R.O.), E. Evarado (Sgt-at-Arms). Sitting from left to right are: Atty. M. Ortiz (Adviser), N. Fraejas (Vice-President), Rev. Fr. L. Bunsel, Mrs. B. Valenzuela (Adviser), Atty. C. Faigao (guest of honor) and E. Yap (Treasurer).

KAPPA MU TRI-EPSILON FRATERNITY INDUCT OFFICERS

The Kappa Mu Tri-Epsilon Fraternity, a fraternity composed of Mechanical and Electrical Engineering students, had its induction ceremony last September at the Royal Room of the Crown Hotel. The ceremony was preceded by a general communion of its members and the blessings of the fraternity pins which were held at the USC Chapel.

Among those who were present in the affair were Rev. Philip van Engelen, Regent of the College of Engineering; Engineer Jose Rodriguez, Dean; Engineers Eusepicio Yap and Jose Aviles, advisers of the organization; and the members of the faculty of the College of Engineering.

The officers who were inducted were Constantino Chan, **Most Exalted Brother**; Perseverando Arana, **Exalted Brother**; Felipe Yang and Eduardo Solig, **Keepers of the Record**; Simeon Lim and Amado Chaves, **Brother Grand Exchequers**; Charles Palomares, Vicente Carrillo, Wilfredo Campos and Natalio Ynson, **Brother Herald**; Preciliano Enciso and Antonio Ruedas, **Brother Keepers of the Peace**.

One of the projects finished by the fraternity were the mathema-

tical tables and charts, items which were badly needed by the Engineering students. It has also initiated the Saturday Slide Rule Session available to all students who may be interested in learning its gimmicks.

BIOLOGICAL FIELD TRIPS

To study specimens in their natural habitat and to collect plants for the University Herbarium which was just being started, the Botany 2 Class under Mrs. Paulina Pages went to Camp 7. Another scientific trip by the Taxonomy Class in Zoology supervised by Rev. Fr. Enrique Schoenig and Miss Juunita Ruelo was made to one of the islands near the city.

ANNUAL BIOLOGICAL SEMINAR HELD

The USC Annual Biology Seminar of the Zoological Society was held last Feb. 20 at the College of Law Library, USC. Speakers during the seminar were Mr. Faustino Solson who spoke on "Butterfly Collection in the Philippines", Mrs. Paulina Pages who talked on "Studies on Germination and Germination Inhibitors", and Dr. Protasio Solon who dealt on the topic "The Life Cycle of Virus and Tracking Down the Infantile Paralysis Virus".

BOOK QUIZ AND INFORMATION HUNTING

The library held for the first time, in connection with the USC Day celebration, a book quiz and information hunting. The purpose was to encourage students to make good use of the library facilities not only in their own specialized field of study but also a broader and more solid general education and to give to well-read students a chance to prove to themselves and others that they have profited from their use of the library resources.

The contest covered topics ranging from the fields of current events, history, geography, and literature (with some emphasis on Catholic writers), to religion and Filipiniana. "Many of the questions were such as a well-read student of Catholic university in the Philippines could be expected to be able to answer", remarked Fr. Baumgartner, USC Librarian.

The library intends to repeat the experiment in the near future. It believes that the contest has shown clearly that while there are a number of students who make the desired kind of use of the library, there are very many who have not reached that point yet.

Inadequate acquaintance with the reference works in the reference section was also made evident

ROSITA TY TOPS PHARM QUIZ

The USC College of Pharmacy turned out 18 successful pharmacists in the recent board examination. Miss Rosita Ty, the best of the Class '54, topped the theoretical examinations of the state quiz and the Bureau of Civil Service recognized her as the theoretical top notcher, inasmuch as they do not count the practical examinations results in their computation. Miss Ty obtained an average of 88.33, close to the tenth place which was 88.91%.

The other successful candidates of the recent board examinations are: Angelina Buma-at, Helen Calderon, Anita Claveria, Cecilia Despi, Crispin Doldetea, Remedios Fiel, Araceli Gonzales, Floresita Guacor.



MISS ROSITA TY
...second to nothing...

Concepcion Lim, Fe Asuncion Muanza, Elena Ouano, Eleuteria Pino, Angeles Sepulveda, Zosima Chiong Sybico, Rosita Ty, Carmencita Ty Montesclaros, Leni Villacin, Elsa Zoilo and Franklina Navales.

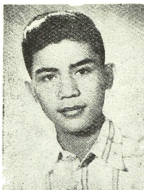
The new pharmacists took their oath last January 15 before Atty. Fulvio C. Pelaez, Dean of the College of Law.

LA ORATOR SWEEPS TWO FIRST PRIZES

Mr. Rafael Lugay, Jr. a Liberal Arts student, won two first prizes in a separate oratorical contest sponsored by the USC Pre-Law

Class Organization and the Tocayoos de Rizal, respectively.

Mr. Lugay's piece "Because We Are Filipinos", copped the first place in the second annual orator-



MR. RAFAEL LUGAY, JR.
He won two first prizes in oratorical hits.

ical contest sponsored by the Pre-Laws. Mr. Alfredo Messa of the College of Engineering with his piece "In Memoriam" ranked second, while Miss Amparo Marilao of the College of Education placed third with her "Andres Bonifacio" oration.

The Board of Judges was composed of Miss Virginia Peralta, Mr. Rafael Ferreros, (members, and Rev. Walter Hyland, S.J., (chairman), professor of Public Speaking, Berchman's College, Cebu City.

The Rizal Day third annual oratorical contest was an occasion for another gold medal to the Liberal Arts orator. His "Our Deathless Champion" won the contest which was participated in by almost all of the colleges and universities in Cebu City.

Major Jose Moran (chairman), Atty. Salvador Sala and Atty. Isabelo Binamira, (members) composed the Board of Judges panel.

INCREASED PATRONAGE

Other news of a very gratifying sort is that there has been a steady increase in the use of the library by students and faculty members, as reported by the librarian. The following percentages of collegiate students of San Carlos have on the average made daily visits to the library:

1951-52 — 9.25%; 1952-53 — 10.60%; 1953-54 — 13.50%; 1954-55 17.53% (during the first semester)

However, a less encouraging sign is the continued disappearance of books from the library shelves which must be considered a black spot on the record of USC students.

ADDITIONS

Just as three more students were added in the roster of library employees to further the service in the circulation department, 350 volumes of second hand books found their way on the shelves a few months ago. And while a big shipment of exchange materials had been readied for the U.S. exchange program, a number of new books arrived from Manila and valuable official and scientific books and magazines also arrived from Germany this time.

The exchange program is now gradually producing tangible results especially from the U.S. Book Exchange and the Law School Library of Harvard University. This exchange is one of several good things resulting from the visit, two years ago of Judge Simmons of the Supreme Court of Nebraska who is now fulfilling his promise to campaign for more exchange program with the USC library.

Further shipments of books by benefactors are on the way among others, a shipment of 19 packages donated by the Catholic University of Washington.

RADIO PLAY CLOSES, ANOTHER ON WAY

The SCA-sponsored radio play "The Greatest Story Ever Told" ended after 22 weeks of being in the air. Another play "The Song of Bernadette" was scheduled to be aired a few days after the termination of the first play. These series of radio shows are part of the SCA's program of Christianizing the environment, all participated in by SCA members from different colleges and universities in the Cebu City.

Quondam carolinian editor Jess Vestil, the director of the whole show, was lauded for his fine work.

SCA PRESIDENT, YEEP ARRIVED FROM INDIA

Bartolome de Castro and German Mayo, Jr., SCA Pres. and Vice-Pres., respectively, arrived here last Jan. 9 after attending a three-week Pax Romana Asian Seminar in Loyola College, Madras, India.

The topic of the seminar, with 100 delegates from 12 Asian countries attending, was "Modern Transformation in Asian Universities". Mr. Castro is a USC student and is an associate editor of this magazine, while Mr. Mayo, Jr. comes from U.V.

ZAMBOANGA CHINA

By J. P. R.

Dean Pelaez Chosen USC's Distinguished Alumnus of 1954

Atty. Fulvio C. Pelaez, dean of the College of Law of the University of San Carlos was chosen by the Watchtower Committee as the most Distinguished Alumnus of 1954. It was disclosed after the university day festivities culminated last February 20th.

Dean Pelaez, considered the youngest law dean in the Philippines today, passed the bar as one of the first ten highest. He finished his law studies at the Ateneo de Manila. He has been corporate counsel for the university for many years and was responsible in the bookkeeping of the pre-war records of this institution, and presently is one of the leading law practitioners of Cebu. He is the first president of the Jaycee's in Cebu, and for his work for brotherhood, was sent to Europe.

In his student days he was active and is still active in all extra-curricular activities in school campus. He was Captain of the famed CSC football team and was Editor of **The Carolinian**.

The award, given for the second time this year, was given to him by the University Alumni Association. Last year's recipient was Rep. Miguel Cuenco.

The basis in choosing for this coveted award are: service to the school, service to community or country, service to humanity, and distinction along a certain line.

USCAA ELECTS NEW OFFICERS

On February 20, 1955 was the Big Day for USC Alumni. In and out of town alumni gathered inside our swanky library to renew once more the old ties.

(Continued on page 31)

MARCH, 1955

Carolinians Knot-Tying

For man must seek a mate, so the saying goes. That's why **Alfredo Ganaganag**, a commerce stude decided to ditch his life of single blessedness last February 12th in favor of lovable education coed **Pacita Raboy**. The ritual took place at the Sto. Rosario Church. Sponsors for the bride were **Gertrudes Raboy**; for the bridegroom, **Francisco Rabays**. After the ceremony a sumptuous dinner followed which was served at the bride's residence where everyone had his fill.

On December 4, 1955 a new batch of Carolinians treaded the aisles to settle for better or for worse to "honor, cherish and love" each other forever. Principals this time were **Atty. Antonio Solon** and **Miss Alita Mendoza**. The "I do's" were pledged at the Cebu Pro Cathedral with Fr. Jose Motus officiating. Standing as sponsors were Judge **Clemente Diez** of the local CFI and **Mrs. Pani Velez**. Other members of the wedding entourage were **Minnie Reyes**, veil sponsor; **Ising Sanchez**, cord sponsor and many others. "Nene" as he is betterly known to his friends is a practicing attorney and is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Jose Solon of Cebu City; **Alit**, a registered nurse, was until recently a head nurse of the SHH and is the daughter of **Mrs. Pat. Laboada Vda. de Manjosa** of Naga, Cebu. After the nuptial rites the newlyweds received their guests at the Physicians' Club.

Another Carolinian who followed suit was **Barotomeo Ermas, Jr.** when he middle-aisled with **Isabelita Alcarez**, an education coed last November 1955. The benedict was until recently a law student; the bride-elect is pursuing her piano lessons.

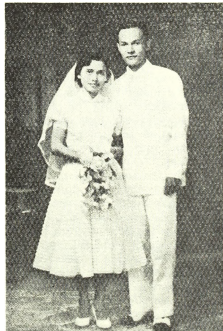
November 20 witnessed another Carolinian **Atty. Jose Lucero** exchanging marriage vows with **Segunda Alde** of Guivan, Samar. The groom finished law in USC two years ago.

Elisa Velez skipped to the altar with **Ramon Gernal** at the Sto. Rosario Church last Dec. 18th with Mons. Estelban Montecillo officiating. Mrs. **Erlinda N. Gandiongco**; USC faculty member and Mr. **Richard Go** stood

as sponsors. The new Mrs. Gernal was until recently a USC employee and education coed. The couple served their well-wishers at the Majestic Hotel.

On November 21, 1954 the Sto. Rosario Church was again the scene of another wedding ceremony. Principals this time were **Fausto Arche** and **Jovita Llanos**. A sumptuous dinner followed at the bridegroom's residence in Mandawe. It may be remembered that "Ustong" as he is fondly called by his friends was a popular campus figure among B.B. fans. Mr. Arche is a BSE degree holder.

Last item comes from Lanipao, La o Lanao when our own **Cosme T. Mirabueno** got hitched to **Miss Felisa de Door** of the same town last Dec. 27, 1954. The ritual took place at the Lala Catholic Church with **Father Flenn** officiating. The groom is a law student and was mainly responsible for the "star" USC ROTC copped two years ago. He was formerly its Corps commander.



Mr. & Mrs. Alfredo Ganaganag

PAGE 29

already exacted its toll. Poor Jelly sat slumped on his chair, his blood drained from his bony face and I could have sworn his hair stood on end. He looked as if he was gasping for air with his teeth chattering like a million marbles in a saucepan. His eyes circled around his eyeballs . . . so that he was all ready to faint. I took hold of him and shook his trembling frame.

"What's the matter Jelly?" I inquired, "You sick or something?"

"That's Manny?" He gasped.

"That's Manny," I answered.

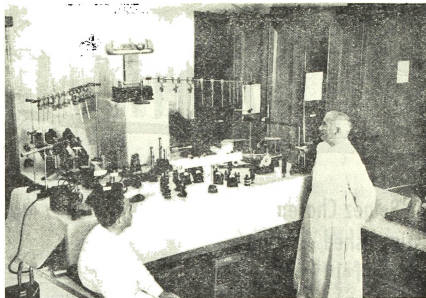
Manny catwalked toward us looking as slinky as a snake. "Hello, everybody," she purred. "Helen you imp, you never told me you had . . . had peop . . ." she hesitated when she saw Jelly. I could tell that she was in doubt whether Jelly was "people" or not. "Oh well," she proceeded, "how are you both." Jelly and I were not so fine, Jelly most of all. He was curled in the big, flashy divan . . . plastered and finished.

* * *

Our day to day visits with the Cuizonos had the makings of a bad habit . . . on second thought, it was a bad habit. On those days, we chanced to meet Jelly's rivals.

If you ever heard of money, you'd know Pepe Celoso. From the way he spent those hundred peso notes, you'd suspect he was a counterfeiter or something of that sort. But he wasn't; you can go to any bank from here to Switzerland and you'll find out that while our fathers were busy planting rice, his father was busy planting money that grew faster than shmoos. Pepe came around looking for Manny in an angry red car that looked like a fire engine but later turned out to be an imported Jaguar X91G or something. . . . And seeing that it was only me and Jelly around, he looked as if this was going to be a cinch. (It was.)

I found out later that he had been following Manny from Manila, to Baguio, back to Manila and now, here in this savage-infested village that people call Cebu. He was too tall for a rich boy (my impression of which was derived from an obese classmate) and too handsome for the amount of greenbacks he had. But he was actually all these, which incidentally, Jelly was not. And



Scientific Exhibits: mind over matter.

then, there was another "Jelly-was-not" guy . . . Chito de la Paz.

By just looking at Chito, one could tell that he was an athlete. He was somewhere around six feet two or three. He, too, drove a car and arrived just a couple of minutes later than Pepe. He made his entrance like a matador and looked at Jelly and I as if we were his favorite bulls. Well, if he was bent on standing there all night waiting for us to charge him, it would have been one long wait.

Manny made the introductions and as soon as she got to introducing Jelly, Chito made an interruption: "You do look like a jelly, only you're too thin to be a jelly fish and too old to qualify as an edible gelatin."

Only I didn't think it was funny. Everybody seemed to think it was a killer-diller. Cute guy, I thought. This is going to be one rough ride for Jelly. I knew he had fallen for Manny like a ton of bricks . . . but with these characters for competition, he'd have about as much chance as me coping the bar exams, which is even harder because I was recently advised by my Dean to take up embalming!

We finished the prep course (in law) in less than three years — which was quite an achievement for us. Jelly's parents were determined to send him to Manila and have him finish his Law in one of the outstanding universities there. So, on the day following our graduation Jelly left Cebu. I didn't go to the pier to see him off. I didn't want to. I hate to shed

tears more than I hate to see the water in the rivers flowing back to the big, wide sea. I was also afraid that the rum in our eyes would eke out instead of genuine teardrops. But I managed to get his address — at least he wouldn't be entirely out of my consciousness. If I couldn't reach him anymore with a nice kick in the seat of his pants, at least I could still whack him with a dozen well-chosen adjectives.

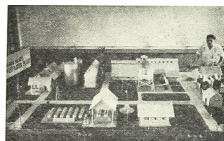
So that was that. In the meantime, I resolved to do without the benefit of Jelly's antics and decided to make the best out of the scant background I had to help me through the Law course. I was thinking that if anybody like Jelly is going to be a lawyer, there wasn't any room for doubts why I shouldn't be. That thought stuck in my head. And during my darkest moments I always clung to the saying, **Che sara, sara.** (What will be, will be.)

When I reached the third year of the course, I was convinced more than ever that my future was written on the wall: **Atty. Jayme Echis, Counsellor of Laws.** I literally jumped from year to year as smoothly and as gracefully as the man on the flying trapeze. One evening, while I was on my way to the stage to see whether my diploma was really made out of sheep's skin, suddenly and out from the blue, a familiar whistle threw discord on the graduation march tune blared by the school band. The conductor's eyes immediately scoured the north, south and west

UNREST FOR THE . . .

(Continued from page 8)

most sacred. Face to face with us proceeds the army of those who would like to make all the peoples of the earth and each individual human being believe that they can find prosperity only by receding from the individuals, can but grow dim in the shadow of the Cross." The marvel of his words and sharp analysis of the then world set-up could even be applied to the present. And what he said — although it was uttered a few years past — still stands true today. If men would only stop kidding themselves and let God in on their peace-talks, the prospects of peace would be greater. It would stop sounding magical if not mythical.



More exhibits. Mr. Garcia's miniature fertilizer plant.

direction of him trying to discover the imp who blew the sour note. He clenched his teeth but that was all he could do. The whistle was calming down to a mambo beat. I was convinced of it now. He was back.

I hastened to the stage and shot my left arm to feel the skin while my right hand was testing Father Rector's grip. It was wise-like. (I thought he wasn't going to let go of my hand. . . . after all, I wasn't able to pay the total amount of my tuition fees. Ha, ha, what a joke!) After descending the steps of the stage and giving my professors the heh-heh-heh, I sped to the direction of the whistle. And, gosh, Jelly was standing there like the wet chicken he used to be. He rushed towards me like a fullback going to dinner and gave me that old, bear hug. Only it wasn't the same hug he used to give me. It was like coming into grips with an octopus. I could just imagine how a banana would feel after being squeezed. A wet chicken couldn't have squeezed the way he did. I managed to

USCAA ELECTS . . .

(Continued from page 29)

Special mass was purposely set for them and a get-together breakfast followed in which every one had his fill. The affair was highlighted by the elections of officers for this year and the following emerged victorious: Atty. Mario D. Ortiz, president; Atty. Alfonso C. Dalope, vice-president; Mr. Jose V. Arias, secretary; Mr. Rosiendo Sierro, treasurer and Atty. Cornelio Faigao, PRO.

The new officers will have been formally installed into office on March 26 on the occasion of the traditional graduation ball in which the USCAA is giving honor for the new graduates in all colleges of the different departments of the University of San Carlos.

wrench myself from his pinions and let my oesophagus gasp for more oxygen.

When I came to, I was already holding a glass of beer in my hands. Jelly was showing his pearly teeth to someone else whose figure was busy waving hello to everybody else in the keg room. (He has changed). And the change was quite a metamorphosis: from the caterpillar he used to be to the buzzing bee that he is now. (Wait till Manny learns of this.) The way he dubbed for the skit-line was something he required from the big city. Not a speck of dust in his pants, not a single wrinkle in his shirt. With his hair, trimmed to the minutest detail and combed to its proper place, oftentimes it arrested the glances of many women from their escorts. His shoes were shiny, as shiny as the enamel coating of his teeth.

After a week's spree of drinking and night-clubbing, one afternoon I heard a loud honking of a car's horn right in front of the house. I saw Jelly waved his hands at me and yelled, "Let's go, litch!"

"Where to?" My hands were now busy fastening the buttons of my shirt.

"Anywhere. I just want to throw a couple of surprises on a couple of jerks!"

I jumped into the shiny convertible and Jelly opened the throttle wide enough to scare some few cows by the roadside.

"Where'd you steal this contraption?" I asked him.

"litch! You're not being digni-

REFLECTIONS ON OUR . . .

(Continued from page 5)

al efficiency. This should not be denied. In fact, the exclusively academic schools do their share in this regard. First of all, they further vocational efficiency by refusing to accept those who because of their inclinations and skills should go to the workshop rather than to the school. Second, the academically trained man and woman will be a guide and inspiration to those in the field and in the factories. Third, high academic standards in the Secondary Schools will improve the standards of professional training. This will become clearer by a discussion of the collegiate curricula.

(To be Continued)

lied!" he retorted with a sarcastic grin.

"Okay, I'll settle down with this: Where, in black Tangier, did you swipe this. . . . this. . . . modern carabao?"

He wasn't able to answer me for then he let out a big laugh and motioned me to look back. I turned my head and saw the full figure of Pepe Celoso standing by his car and shaking his lists at us. He was fixing his tires when Jelly sped past him leaving a bellow of dust behind.

The route was familiar. By the next curve, we saw Helen's mansion. The convertible slid past its gates and Jelly was pumping his palms now on the car's horn. I saw Mr. and Mrs. Cuizon stuck their heads out of the window. We got out of the car and rang the doorbell. A scurry of footsteps and feminine voices rushed to the door.

(Continued on page 33)





the interns tripping...

COMMUNITY WORK is one of the important activities of Internship prescribed in the curriculum for BSEEd. Through it, the students gain rich experiences in studying the conditions of the community; establishing good public relations with the people; developing in the people a consciousness of utilizing available materials and other natural potentialities for economic security; conducting adult education classes; improving the sanitary and hygienic conditions of the community which includes home and town beautification; encouraging wholesome ways of utilizing leisure time; gathering and utilizing community resources in constructing curriculum materials; and organizing clubs and *purolks* which will enhance cooperation and mutual relationship for greater progress and happiness of the people in the community.

The USC interns who were sent to the Holy Name College selected three barrios in Tagbilaran as their field for community work. One group, under the leadership of Miss Luzminda Acosta, went to Dao for four weeks and this was followed by the group of Miss Silvina Jumao-as. Another group went to

Bohol led by Mrs. Ninfa del Rosario which was followed by Mr. Anselmo Francisco's group. The third group went to Sug-ang headed by Miss Dativa Flores.

The interns who had their off-campus activities in the schools in Cebu City went to the FOA-PHILCUSA Self-Help Project in Guinacot, Danao. This group, composed of nineteen members, is guided by Mrs. Victoria Alvez.

Each group spent the first week in making a survey of the whole barrio to study conditions and needs with emphasis on health and sanitation and to get acquainted with the people. This is a very difficult work for they have to climb stony hills and cross rivers. These surveys were undertaken after the interns have met the barrio lieutenants and the members of the barrio councils to whom they were introduced by the City Mayor in the case of those who went to Bohol and by Mr. Ernesto Santos, organizer of the Rural Community Self-Help Project No. 70, in the case of those who went to Guinacot, Danao.

It was the plan of the City Mayor of Tagbilaran to make Dao a model community. In conformity with this plan Miss Acosta's group

formulated their plans with the cooperation of the teaching force, the barrio lieutenant, and the "Aspiring Daohanos", a youth association. Their plans consisted of the following projects: (1) community poultry, (2) a garden of spices, and (3) a reading center.

The community poultry was undertaken to improve the native breed in the locality and to encourage the people to engage in poultry raising. The poultry house and the fence were constructed by the interns with the help of the "Young Daohanos" under the leadership of Mr. Toledo, the barrio lieutenant. They put in eight one-and-a-half month old Hampshire chicks. This poultry should serve as a distributing center which will supply the people with Hampshire breed at the lowest price possible.

The garden was purposely planted with onions, ginger, and tomatoes to show to the people that these can be raised in the locality for home consumption.

The reading center is located in the heart of the barrio on a lot donated by Mr. Filemon Toledo. The interns furnished the materials. The construction was done by the people under the direction of Mr. Toledo. The reading matters were supplied by the interns.

Through the initiative of Miss Acosta and Mr. Makabenta the 4-H Club was organized so as to en-

Community Activities

by T. Suico

Head, Normal College, U.S.C.

able children who are out of school to utilize their spare hours profitably. It was found in the survey that many children out of school gamble, especially the boys.

beautified the place where the marker of the blood compact between Legazpi and Sikatuna is erected. They helped raise funds for the completion of the tennis

THE METAMORPHOSIS . . .

(Continued from page 31)

Through Student Leadership

When Miss Jumao-as and her group took over, they undertook home beautification by encouraging the people of the barrio to build fences around their homes, maintain clean yards, and have

court.

The group in Guinacot, Danao, like their sister groups in Bool followed the same pattern of activities. At first they encountered difficulties in gaining the cooperation



... the light fantastic

flowering plants in their premises. In addition, they solicited donations to obtain more reading matters for the reading center. They also introduced the building of compost pit to serve as a source of fertilizers for the home gardens and orchards.

The group in Bool started home beautification by encouraging the people to fence their yards and to plant hedges. They demonstrated in several houses how to trim hedges. They also made a flower garden and a park by the side of the chapel and cleared and

of the barrio folks. They solved this problem by a demonstration of direct leadership. To start the people moving, the interns made a fence around the house they rented for their living quarters. The people found the idea good. The interns undertook next to fence the house of a neighbor. They barely started when the inmates of that house took over to finish the work. Thereafter the other houses followed the example. The rest of the projects were carried out without opposition.

"Itch!" There was a tone of surprise on Manny's voice.

"Hi, Manny! Remember Jelly?"
"Of course she does," Jelly cut in, "and I believe there's some cold beer in your upright, rectangular, packed-in North Pole.... eh, Manny?"

"Well.... I...."

"Check! You two stay put while I fix some kind of a treat for your throats." Jelly turned on his heels and caught Manny's nape, "And how's your throat this lovely morning chum?" She opened her mouth to say something, I opened my mouth to say something, but it was Jelly's voice who said, "That's enough, that's enough.... the meeting is adjourned." With that he strode briskly to the kitchen and left us looking like hungry fish in a waterless aquarium.

Some of these days some kind of an angel will come down and tell me how all these happened; but before she comes I'm going to think only of Helen. Whatever kind of kilowatt hit Jelly making him this way, shall be as far from my mind as I could make it. Manny was in the same predicament. I understood how she felt. The matchsticks she used to play with had grown into a stick of dynamite.... its wick hissing like a coiled cobra.

Jelly came out of the door, looking like he was coming out of a page in the Esquire magazine on the "How to Dress Well Page." Despite the jigger, beer, bottle of something in his hands he looked well-pressed and tailored right. It was Manny's time to gape. Everything about Jelly suggested he just got out of a congregation with the "International Set" in the Cannes or the Riviera.

"Stop gaping," Jelly said to her, "don't you know better than to gape at conceited men?"

"I.... I...." Manny stammered, "huh?"

"Look, Manny," Jelly drawled, "if you're not gonna stop hero-worshipping me, I'm not going to make love to you in my car thirty minutes from now, in the wind-lashed shores of Talisay, get that?"
"Talisay?"

"And you don't have the privilege of choosing the spot, now relax."

"I'm gonna get out of here, I told myself. I'm gonna get out

(Continued on page 35)



Dulce Kintanar

● **MISS DULCE A. KINTANAR**, College of Liberal Arts, says: "The right of suffrage is the right of a man to vote for whom he pleases! It is a sacred right granted by our Constitution to every citizen who is not disqualified by his own responsible conduct or unfitness.

I believe, any citizen of our country who has reached 18 years old should not be excluded from enjoying the right of suffrage. Our youths today at eighteen are mature enough to handle responsibility, both social and civil. During the last global conflict our young men and women fought and died side by side with their elder brothers and sisters in defending our Mother

are below 21 years old — the intelligent youth, tingling with red young blood — capable of formulating unbiased public opinion.

If we allow our youth to exercise the right of suffrage, Rizal's beautiful dream, which he expressed in these lines:

*"Alza tu terse frente,
Juventud filipina este día!
Luce resplandeciente
Tu rica gallardia
Bella esperanza de la Patria mia."*
will be realized."

● **MISS BERNADETTE VELOSO**, College of Liberal Arts, says: "The real weight of the voter's responsibility and power lies in the voting franchise and the wise exercise of it. Throughout all the processes — nominating, electing and governing — the individual voter is the decisive factor.

It would not be sensible enough for Congress to reduce the voting age. How can they trust an eighteen-year-old from choosing his leader? He is not familiar on government affairs — because as it is, he is more interested in dances and at Marilyn Monroe's personal affairs.

The big trouble with a good

are at least primary schools.

We must take cognizance of the fact that our young citizens of today mature early mentally because of the higher degree of academic training being afforded them. Our young men and women at present can already weigh problems and cope situations which demand solution with stunning results and often outsmart the grown-ups. The logical conclusion: they have grown to be men and women of responsibility.

Legislation should be elastic. Circumstances must be taken into account. There are others who

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Should the Voting Age Be Reduced?

Land. In the last elections, ROTC cadets, most of whom were eighteen, helped maintain peace and order throughout the land. Did not our 'old guard' politicians say that this is no longer the time for old people to hold the reins of our government, that they must only 'inspire' while the youths must be the ones to perspire?

In our colleges and universities, we find most of the teen-agers who

number of us is that we speak in terms of: 'I am old enough to handle myself. Nobody is going to tell me what to do. Only those who do not know any better do what they are told.' We are absolutely free to do what we like, but being a citizen of a democratic country, it is high-time for us to take interest on politics in order to prepare us in the future to elect public officials with ideals, standards, and enough backbone; in one word, persons with character."

● **MR. FLORENTINO FELISARTA, JR.**, College of Law, says: "In my opinion the reduction of the voting age to eighteen will not result to a poor administration of the government that will consequently invite danger. At most, men at the ages of eighteen at present are intellectually mature, this fact of which have been brought about by the establishment of many schools of learning in almost every nook of the archipelago. Throughout the breadth and length of our country, even in the remotest places, there

opine that if we allow this young group of citizens to vote, we could not expect from them honest votes for they could easily be wooed by wily politicians and election promises. But, judging from the past elections we have in our country, how many of them dare assert that they were "immune" from fast-stepping politicians? The ignorant is always susceptible to these wily politicians more readily than the intelligent young. The latter stands the chance of being a calculated risk."

In the final analysis, if by reducing the voting age to eighteen we do not turn hostile to and depart from the purpose of the old legislature who framed the constitution, why should not the voting age be reduced to 18?"

● **MISS FE A. LOZADA**, College of Education, says: "It is of common knowledge that much graft and fraudulence has been committed in the previous elections although all the voters were twenty-



Bernadette Veloso

one years old and above — voters who were supposed to have reached the "age of reason" and yet easily attracted to false Mabinis and Rizals like pins to a magnet; voters who were in a position to exercise their judgment freely but who were easily swayed by false promises of political leaders. If those voters who were already mentally mature were still incapable of sticking to what they thought was right, how much can we expect from teen-age voters whose minds are occupied with jam sessions, movies, and lots of good times?



Florentino Felisarta

Conducted by CESARIO A. MELLA

There is a bill pending approval in Congress sponsored by Congressman Mercado which seeks to amend a specific provision in our Election Code regarding the qualifications of voters. This piece of legislation which is still subject to revision, modification, amendment or rejection provides for the reduction of the voting age to eighteen. (The present age qualification is twenty one.)

We believe that this question deserves an exhaustive analysis from us students—especially to those eighteen-years-old who are simply itching to scratch the name of their favorite candidates just for the thrill of having exercised an adult privilege. A majority of these teenagers seem to favor the idea (which is not surprising at all) but an intelligent few still insist that our youths are still half-baked citizens and should not be made to cast half-baked votes.

This has always been an interesting subject for argumentation classes and debating clubs. So why don't we try putting our reasoning powers on the grindstone and have our say on the question.....

duced to Eighteen?

Stuff the young male's pockets with enough dough to spend on wild Bacchanalian sprees, continuously give him "treats" and sure enough, he'll vote for the candidate (no matter how rotten he may be) from whom those sources of enjoyment emanate.

If our former law-makers chose twenty-one as the voting age, they must have had a good reason for doing so. Our carefree teenagers are much too irresponsible to be delegated with the task on which the fate of the country depends. Therefore, during this time of crises, atomic bombs, and the prospect of a third World War — should we let our "happy-go-lucky," "I-don't-care-what-the-heck-happens" young people decide the doom of this — our beloved Philippines?"

* * *

● **MISS PERLA CIMA FRANCA,** College of Pharmacy, says: "My answer to this question is yes. I believe that with the degree of culture and civilization our country

has reached, it is high time that we allow our teen-agers to participate in the selection of the men who are to handle the affairs of our government. After all, what can those who are 21 years old do which the 18-year-old can't?

Our youths know the needs of



Fe Lozada

our infant Republic. If given a chance, they will prove to be assets to our country. They may even

THE METAMORPHOSIS . . .

(Continued from page 33)

and ask the first sensible man I meet if I'm going whacky or not. I always knew beer was bad for my sanity.

I started for the door when Jelly asked me, "Where'd you think you're going, you young graduate."

"Out for a spot of smoke," I replied and scrambled out of there as fast as I could.

The next scene will be a love scene. If you can call it that. It happened in the garden where the four of us were sitting. Of course we were not really sitting together. It was a "Helen-and-me and-Jelly-and-Manny" arrangement. Helen and I were talking about something when I heard Jelly talking.....

Jelly: I must say, Manny, that you've grown exactly as I wanted you to.

Manny: Huh?

Jelly: I said, if you had grown into another kind of a girl, I don't think I'd have the desire to make you my girl.

Manny: Huh?

Jelly: I know you love me very, very much being what I am. But being what I am, I cannot be sure of my feelings.

Manny: Huh?

Jelly: So, seeing that the situation is an awkward one... I think it would be better if you'd do all the necessary things for yourself.

(Silence for two seconds.)

Manny: Hummm.

THE ROVING EYE

(Continued from page 24)

His eyelids down and steep his senses in forgetfulness."

Even those who teach good manners and right, who constantly preach—"Don't make noise while others are sleeping"—fail to practice what they preach. Their not-so-gentle voices are likely to rouse the poor student from his delightful peace in sleep.

Sounds convincing enough. But good gracious! What kind of a class would it be as lively as a morgue!

prove better than the older generation who have done their best but feel poignant regret for they have failed."

Anything You Say

(The following is a letter from Rev. Fr. Charles Gries rectifying an error on the report we made on Frederick Kriekenbeek last December)

Sacred Heart Seminary
Tanauan, Layte
January 8, 1955

Dear Sir:

Frederick Kriekenbeek has authorized me by letter to call your attention to the following and I quote:

"A friend from Cebu has just written to congratulate me on my decision to enter the priesthood and the Jesuit Order. The latter fact is untrue, as you already know. The simple truth is that the same light that led me to the priesthood has in some mysterious way pointed out my life work for me; that is, to busk through the Grace of God a depth of eucharistic life in the parishes of the Philippines that will give rise to Filipino missionaries who can bring the Faith and Our Eucharistic Lord to the entire Pacific Area, especially in Moslem lands. The underlying principle of my work is this: to make the Holy Eucharist the center of the parish through the medium of the Blessed Mother and to make the liturgy a vital means of communication of Revealed Truth. In short, I have been called to the parish life, and entry into a religious order is out of question. The mention of the Jesuit Order derives from the fact that when I was in the process of breaking away from my studies I still had a disordered sense of values. I thought that my training at Harvard would go to waste unless I joined a teaching order of some sort, like the Jesuits. I mentioned this thought to my sister, and she probably gave the information to the Carolinian. When you write next to Cebu will you kindly call this fact to the attention of the people of Cebu at San Carlos University that they may rectify it?" . . . Best wishes to you and your staff for a very Happy New Year and please know that you did a grand job. . . your Christmas issue! May you, with God's blessing, continue the good work.

Sincerely yours in Christ,
(Sgd.) Rev. CHARLES GRIES, STD

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

Majority of us students would like to request something that we had long been yearning to express to you. We are by birth, lovers of fun. . . . We would deeply appreciate it if you would add a joke column in the Carolinian and, of course, the students free to participate in it.

G. SATINITIGAN
College of Liberal Arts

We received a similar letter from Mr. Orlando C. Enriquez (Pre-Law) and are thanking you both for the suggestion. The space is available. Where are the articles?—Ed

MR. EDITOR:

Let me congratulate you for a job well done in editing the Carolinian. For the past years I have been receiving issues of your magazine and I noticed that it has improved this year.

Most especially I congratulate you for the Xmas number. But I did not find in it a report about the Marian Congress in Cebu. . . . I am also interested in finding out if my niece in the College of Pharmacy and my nephew in the College of Law are both in the honor roll for the semester, as they used to be in the previous years. . . . it will be my source of happiness if I can see their names on the honor roll. . . .

S. RABAGO
Surigao, Surigao

Lack of space prevented us from publishing the last semester's honor slate. We're sorry we can't publish it in this issue. The Xmas number was wrapped for printing before the Marian Congress celebrations gained momentum.—Ed

MR. EDITOR:

My fondest congratulations to V. Ranudo, Jr. for his immortal prose-poetry, "THE LAST TOY." I'm encouraging him to write more of the same kind. . . .

ENRIQUE G. YAP
Pre-Law

¿Después de la Graduación. . . QUE? . . .

Por C. M. GONZALES
Graduate School

LA GRADUACION es el momento mas alegre para los estudiantes. Cada uno procura graduarse lo mas pronto posible. Muchos la consideran el fin de fatigosos estudios y el comienzo de una vida libre y feliz. Estos que piensan así, están muy equivocados porque la graduación es otra cosa. La graduación es el fin de la monotonía que se encuentra en las

★ ★ Sección

clases y también es el principio de la batalla por la existencia; el verdadero combate por la vida empieza con la graduación. ¿Que va a hacer el graduado después de su graduación? Hay muchos que van a las casas comerciales para presentar sus diplomas con el fin de sacar un trabajo cómodo. Otros se estarán en sus casas esperando que uno les dé trabajo. Estos no van al campo para trabajar porque sus diplomas los dicen que ellos son graduados de magisterio, ingeniería y de otras carreras. Otros dicen que el trabajo en el campo es propio para los labradores pero nunca para los titulados. Nuestros graduados buscan trabajos cómodos, no quieren trabajar para que les ensucien las manos.

Para los que se gradúan este año no conviene que imiten a los que les preceden. Ellos deben de mantener la dignidad del trabajo. Tienen que comprender que cualquier trabajo por humilde que fuere siempre le dará a uno el mismo honor que recibe un medico o un abogado. La clase del trabajo no importa, sino es cómo se trabaja es lo mas importante.

Después de la graduación todo no es para dormir, sino para trabajar y más trabajar. Abandonemos la abnegación al trabajo pesado. Usemos la mano y el entendimiento para alcanzar resultados inmejorables. Trabajemos con todo el corazón y voluntad y así encon-

El Dingenio es a veces más útil que el Saber

por TRANQUILINA BAYAWA, PH—1

C IERTO maestro de un barrio, inteligente pero negligente, asistió una noche a una fiesta. Retirándose borracho a su casa, a eso de las 4 de la mañana. Su esposa le preparó café y le entretuvo para que no faltase a la escuela.

Efectivamente a las 7:30 se diri-

gió el maestro a la escuela y entró en su clase. Como el sueño no le dejaba pensar claramente en la lección del día decidió hacer que los niños copiasen algo que él dibujó en la pizarra para poder libremente descansar, pero los niños, que eran muchos, metían gran ruido. El pensó en algo mejor e im-

Mutual Engaño No Es Engaño

por
ARCADIA CABALLERO

Com. II

R ICA muchacha pobre chica, era la frase común con que sus amigas solían nombrar a Luisa, joven de gran fortuna pero de ninguna belleza física. Pero Luisa estaba orgullosa de su dinero y no se preocupaba de su físico.

Un día fué invitada a una fiesta de cumpleaños, dada su honor de una de sus amigas. Allí Luisa conoció a un joven elegante que atraía las miradas de todas las jovencitas en general y en particular la atención de Luisa, que por la primera vez en su vida sintió celos de la belleza de sus amigas y despreció su dinero. Rodolfo, el joven elegante y simpático no hacía caso de ella.

Entonces Luisa decidió ir a una clínica de belleza y allí transformaron por completo su rostro y la pobre chica, fea, pero rica muchacha, logró sus deseos y cultivó a Rodolfo que vio en ella una chica ideal a la que nunca pensó haber conocido antes. Los dos jóvenes se amaron y se casaron.

Después de la boda, Luisa sintió remordimientos por haber engañado al hombre a quien verdaderamente amaba y cuando estuvieron solos, le dijo a su esposo la verdad, quitándose la máscara plástica que tan bella la hacía. Su marido sonrió y empezó quitándose una peluca, pues era calvo, después se quitó la dentadura que también era posteza, lo cual le hizo aparecer ante Luisa como un viejo calvo y desdentado.

Muy sorprendida y enfadada Luisa le dijo a Rodolfo que había hecho muy mal en engañarla. Pero Rodolfo se puso de nuevo la peluca y la dentadura y colocando en la cara de su amada esposa la máscara plástica le dijo: "No te enfa-

tor muy enfadado, le pidió el cuadernito, que el maestro muy coriós le presentó. Al leer lo que el maestro había escrito, quedó muy satisfecho del ingenio del maestro y le ascendió a principal de la escuela.

CASTELLANA * *

Hablemos y escribamos el Español

Por FE VERGARA

DESDE hace cuatro años se ha visto un movimiento en Filipinas iniciado por los Hispanitas de nuestro país para que el idioma español reviva en nuestra patria.

Antes de dejar a mi "Alma Mater" que ha formado mi espíritu en la verdadera moral y lo ha nutrido con el saber en sus diferentes aspectos, quiero desde esta columna de la sección Castellana recomendar a los estudiantes que estudien el español que no teman el que dirán y que procuren hablar y escribir en español para que de este modo al igual que en los países Sudamericanos tengamos el orgullo de poseer y hablar las dos lenguas más extendidas por todo el mundo, el inglés y el español.

El español es hoy día obligatorio en todas las universidades para poder graduarse con el título de "Bachiller". Saquemos ventaja de esa facilidad y troleemos de aprender bien el idioma que hablaron nuestros héroes y así podremos comprender mejor sus escritos.

tremos el premio de nuestro esfuerzo, siendo la corona de nuestro éxito.

poniendo silencio dijo: "Vamos a ver. ¿Qué deben hacer los niños bien educados cuando alguien duerme?". Todos los niños contestaron a coro: "No hacer ruido y andar de puntillas." "Eso está bien—dijo el maestro—pero lo mejor es estarse muy quietos."

Los niños comprendieron la lección y estuvieron muy quietos copiando los dibujos que había en la pizarra.

El maestro logró dormirse y cuando estaba en lo mejor de su sueño, el inspector de escuelas llegó a su clase para inspeccionarla y con gran sorpresa suya vio al maestro durmiendo y a los niños que le hacían señas de que no hiciese ruido. Uno de los chiquillos se acercó al inspector y le dijo: "Chist... el maestro duerme". El inspector sin hacer caso del chiquillo, despertó al maestro que inmediatamente intentó justificarse con una explicación, pero el inspector le dijo: "Pase Ud. por mi oficina inmediatamente".

El maestro salió de su clase recomendando a los niños que siguiesen en sus puestos dibujando. Cuando llegó a la oficina el inspector le dijo muy serio: "Desde hoy ha terminado Ud. sus servicios en esta escuela. Puede Ud. marcharse". El maestro nada contestó y sin levantarse sacó un cuadernito de notas y escribió—"Demostrando cómo deben portarse los niños, cuando una persona mayor necesita dormir o descansar". El inspec-

des, tú me has engañado a mí y yo a tí". Así es que estamos en paz. Y ahora como los dos nos amamos y nos hemos presentado uno a otro tal como somos. Vivamos felices y contentos guardando para nosotros el secreto de nuestra hermosura.

El Estudiante perezoso y travieso

Anécdota — Interpretada
por MELCICIO YAP

EN UNA clase de geografía el profesor y sus alumnos estaban reunidos un día al rededor de un mapa de África mirando atentamente el desierto de Sindh. Todos mostraban interés menos Juan. Después de unos minutos el profesor empezó a preguntar a cada uno, y todos iban contestando satisfactoriamente a las preguntas del profesor. Llegó la pregunta para Juan. No habiendo estudiado su lección la noche anterior Juan pareció perlearlo al oír las primeras palabras del profesor, mirando de oca y para allá, Juan procuró contestarla con voz llena de temor, pero no pudo dar una respuesta perfecta. Enfadado el profesor, repitió su pregunta despacio y en voz clara: "Qué es un desierto, Juan?" Juan confundido esta vez se quedó silencioso y Marcos su condiscípulo que estaba detrás de él apunó a éste la respuesta. "El desierto es un lugar árido donde no hay vegetación", respondió Juan. El profesor estaba contento de la respuesta, pero no de Juan que habló como un loro. El profesor dándose cuenta de que Juan sabía lo que había contestado volvió a preguntarle: "Comprendes, Juan, lo que dices?" "Sí, Señor", contestó Juan. "Bueno, si sabes ya lo que es un desierto, ahora, usa en una oración la palabra "desierto". Juan sin vacilar y orgulloso de poder demostrar al profesor que la pregunta era fácil para su travieso ingenio jactándose de la contestación, comenzó diciendo: "La cabeza de mi maestro es un desierto". La clase entera llamada por pocos minutos esperando que Juan diera una oración interesante al oír semejante respuesta, prorrumpió en una carcajada... porque el profesor era cal... -vo.

CAMPUSCRATS

(Continued from page 12)

FE ALDAVE . . . there must be a reason why she's putting on some lipstick . . . I could go on enumerating more of 'em if only the girls would stop pinching. . .

My apologies to LORNA CONCEPTION and LORNA JAKOALEM both from the eng'g department . . . their names seem to confuse me a lot . . . Lorna Conception is the Arch stude whose breath-taking blueprint of a chalet was exhibited during the College Day celebrations. Lorna Jakosalem is the pretty miss who's going to be a chemical engineer, come what may. She dances well, too. Dances . . . while we're at it, get acquainted with three graceful ballerinas who are majoring in physical education. They are all pretty. To wit: FE TUMULAK, HERMINIA PAULIN and SOFIA TAN. They seem to fit float while dancing the Pizzicato Polka. Musical accompaniment by ADELINA SARTO. The letter's "All the Things You Are" was terrific.

There being no "feminine atmosphere" in the eng'g department, Cottie Chan therefore tries on concentrating on being a scholar. He's got no girl, I guess. Except G . . . all right, I'll shut up. Jesus Medellin's pranks seem to have no end . . . although his being friendly makes up for it . . . SEGUNDO GONZAGA, a senior civil eng'g stude is quite popular in the ROTC rank . . . he's so strict!

To be a pharmacist at last is simple NENITA DE CASTRO. PAZ MORETO will also be graduating. Incidentally, Paz exhibits caught somebody's eye.

I happen to know why the H in the H-line interests Tommy Echivarre (our Ed) so much. All the H in everything interest him. Even the H in the word p-Harmacy. I really don't know who that RANUNDO guy is . . . the Ed sez he's a new member of the family. But PAT CASTELLANO here say's he's an American Indian of a Cochise descent. And Enad Tanudtanud, a very good friend of 'Nudo, sez that he's only a poet.

Sporting the latest style in trubenized shirts was FELY MANZANO. Nenita Borneo's long pony tail fits her girlish face to a T.

The event of all events, the univ day. Here are some adjectives for it: en grande, chica, out-of-this-world. It began with a colorful parade, a long, long extra-wonderful parade with equally extra beautiful floats. The competition for the floats was keen.

Gie Galanzoga stood with the ten commandments as a background. The VERGARA twins, FE and ESPERANZA were angels. The Playboy, Joe Burgos actually gasped at the educ float. Couldn't make up his mind whether to look at CELIA CHAUVARRIA first or at EDITH OCANTE or at the rest of the beauties. Cirlos Macasero irrelevantly asked what the "Forever Yous" meant against which Celia leanned. The Law float was the best Alfredo Buenaventura argued. Naturally, he's taking law.

The Anchor of Faith was the theme of the Liberats float. Innocent-faced ERLINDA ABRERA as Faith was an eye-catcher. Stunning in a nurse's uniform was Catalina Pilapil. Her cousin, Ela, rode on the eng'g float beside LUELLE LACSON who was in a lovely lavender dress. Following the eng'g float was a rickety jeep loaded with M.E. studes. I don't remember them all now but two of them were LOUIE BATONGMALAQUE and PRISCILLANO JUANICH. Something was always wrong with their jeep. The onlookers kept on remarking what fine mechanical engineers they were.

JOE CERILLES during the university day was carrying a cleverly wrapped bottle of White Label. It was a good thing Father Beck was busy losing at the Education playhouse. Father was a poor shooter.

Funny how we simply take for granted a thing we have enjoyed for long until we are going to lose it. We will miss USC, its regal buildings, the crowded drug-store, the sweet musical ticktock of the big clock, the basketball games, the band playing the same piece every four o'clock, even the familiar sight of Father Engelen's approach announced by his police dog, and the mid and final exams, the fun of cramming and the anxiety that follows when the test appears are being distributed, the excursions and parties, the mischievous ROTCs, the friends made and the professors known . . . we will miss all these because they had become a part of us . . .

Heck, I'm just being sentimental. Anyhow, adios escuela adorada!

SPORTS

by REX GRUPO & A. DELUTE #XAVO

for the record

SPOT SHOTS: (at the UV coliseum)

You bear so much... read so much... the opinions and silly talks about this so called "DREAM-GAME" between the much vaunted and extolled UV live and our own impregnable and champion-bred Warriors. And why not? We say we're the best... they sez they can outplay and outshoot anything local. We say we'll smother 'em Green Lancers like nothing flat; they sez they'll plaster on to the courts and hang our hides to dry up.

NOW, WHO'S HOLDING THE STRAIGHT ROPE?

No far-fung sport dopistics can change my conviction that one is as good as the other... plus the uncertainties of the game. Until the twain shall meet it's going to be a "we'll-beat-'em-on-both-quarters" debate and no basketball swami's going to bet his life savings on either. Since playing with the UV is beyond the bounds exacted by the CCAA, those who called it a "DREAM-GAME" certainly hit the nail on the head.

(puffed PAAF huffed)

Everything nowadays seems to be twisted and gory... PAAF included. That regional meet for Eastern Visayas or whatever it was, pretty, pretty queer... and stupid to me. I should add, it was shallow and unfair, with a capital U, period. I still can't comprehend why the CCAA took that deal sitting down. What do people think we are here anyway... dopes? What was all the gnarling fights at the Eladio Villa Stadium for... practice games? And the staggering hours of hard work-outs before that... killing time? That idea about putting the different regional

champs together for a series of games to determine the grand champions wasn't quite a bad idea at all. But it doesn't stop it's being an insult to the CCAA. Since the CCAA was a recognized league by itself, the champion it produced should have been just a waiting team.

What I mean to say is... two teams should have been sent to Manila to represent this division. People will shout MURDER at this. But if the PAAF wanted it that way, at least they should have made the announcement prior to the start of the season — the CCAA teams could have met the situation on all fours. And, each one could have thought of retiring (honorably) from the league to join the PAAF melee and dispensed with all the bunk and nonsense that was the CCAA.

The NCAA withdrew from the regional tourney for very much the same reasons I'm sure, so that nobody could come and say — we're conceived pigeons down here.

Well at least, I got this off my chest.

ELEPHANTIASIS OF THE EGO

The College day was no dull thing... (who said it was in the first place)... there were thrills galore and some drops of disappointment to add spice to the whole thing. Laughs... brother, you'd think some games were just clown acts. Take the USC faculty-Seminary game. It was a humdinger although the faculty force lagged behind awfully in the score. But they did put up some semblance of a fight, notwithstanding the creaking knee-joints and the rattling hip-bones of some of our portly and celebrated gentlemen of the courts, with the exception of Coach

Boring who was still as flashy as he flash himself.

The Recollects are polished musketeers of the leather diadem, but they dished out a more pointed brand of basketearing that night. They almost had us — almost that is: score 53-52. We won, period.

Who was it who told me that when you stop being a teammate, you're washed up for good? I'd like him to eat back his words and at the same time stare at ex-skipper Morales' 19 points bagged during the CSJ-USC hills. Also, who was he who told me that the CIT Wildcats were tame? Hah! Tame he says... they left us at the shorter end of a 47-37 count. Well, boys, what happened? Butterfingers? Or were you just getting rusty? If you want my say on it — take this: you're just nothing but a bunch of champion-bred boys sick with the disease, elephantiasis of the ego. Okay, we lost, sure, we were just unlucky. But what did we really lose in that game? Prestige? No. Honor? No. Well, what? We lost the beautiful trophy that could have been ours during the last tick of the fifteen seconds of the game. And that trophy was about the only one we could have kept in our cobwebby cabinet for trophies for the year 1954-55. Not that I'm saying you guys lost your "touch"... but well, what about it?

See you next year, fellows. By the way, here's a prediction: The CCAA will peddle their papers somewhere else near the UV coliseum and the USC varsity will be dissolved into something like real students playing in the coming intramural games. What, no bets?

ROTC CHATTER

(Continued from page 15)

gotry of many! Up into the higher regions of tolerance and understanding! Up into the atmosphere of compromise and to the portals of the STAR!

A SPARKLUG

Lt. Desiderio Ando, FA is one of the able assistant instructors of the ROTC Department. Born in Cogan, Dumajug, Cebu in 1929. A guerrilla veteran he was, and saw action as a gunner of a 37mm anti-tank gun in Lilo-an and Antuanza Hills, Cebu City. From CSAT to USC he was tops in the military. Finished the ATC, RTC, PATC in the summer of 1953. A medalist, and a sparklug during his time.

ROUGE *Caroliniana*

GALLERY

by: TLE



Miss Ramona Vivere

Nena is the only pharmacist that stirs your chemicals by just staring at you. And is one living example that cameras could be improved. As if that wasn't all, she perched on the second place during the last board exams for Pharmacy.

She always travels on a high plane. As a child she was simple — only changing her status from salutatorian to valedictorian and finally to a full-grown scholar. She spent most of her life in the USC before she decided to find out if it's true that UST could do things for her. You'll have to ask her what she found out. At any rate, she is a true Carolinian.

She's a member of the Bachelors-Femina club; mad about jam sessions and plans on getting married. (That should not be hard.) But if she could resist the proposals, she'll finish her MS degree in Pharmacy in UST. How old is she? Authorities prevented her from practicing her profession because she is still below their age requirements.

Well, this is it. The fourth issue. It's not so stunning as the *Life* or *Collier's* magazine, but we guess, it has some sting in it at most. After all, a *sine die* session isn't entirely an exclusive Congress tradition . . . we also have it here, here in the bare-conditioned office of the *Carolinian*. The only difference is that we of the staff *die* early because *everytime* a deadline is on the o'fling, a good movie shows up and we have to agree unanimously that we postpone the session for the *Cine Day*. (Okay, say the word, corny and let's proceed.)

★ ★ ★

Graduation seems to be our theme song this time. March being March. So we know that you can't afford to while away a couple of minutes of your cramming time just now . . . but we anticipated that by plastering some marvelous pictures in the *Pictorial Section*. (This is not to say that we have been putting un-marvelous ones in the previous issues) . . . so that you can think on it or mentally gape at it when you have absolutely nothing to think about in the examination rooms. Some gimmick, eh?

★ ★ ★

To the readers of Emilio Aller's serialized report, "Upon Seeing the World," we offer our apologies. Aller was not available for an interview this time (his report was supposed to end this issue) as he was just out from the hospital bed when we met him sometime last month. A word of prayer for his quick recovery should help him more than much.

★ ★ ★

Svelte Inday Teves seems to be graduating this March, judging from the way she poured out all what was in her heart via her society call-um "Campuscrats." We don't want to be kill-joys but, sincerely, we don't want Inday to abandon her campus-brats . . . especially the rats gnawing white paper here in the office of the "C." Oh, well . . . we guess Shakey wasn't wrong in sounding too sentimental about the line, "parting is such sweet sorrow."

Since the month of March is the month of parting for students, allow us to quote Mr. Bulwer as our parting shot:

"A chord, stronger or weaker, is snapped asunder in every parting, and time's busy fingers are not practised in re-splicing the same sympathies. Will the souls, hurrying on in diverse paths, unite once more, as if the interval had been a dream? Rarely, rarely!"

Confidence in God...

Mrs. Cristina R. Causing is the daughter of the late Margarito Redoña, a member of the Board of Trustees of the St. Paul's College, Tacloban, Leyte, and a very successful business executive who was murdered in March, 1946.

Soon after her graduation, Magna Cum Laude at the U.E., Miss Redoña was offered a teaching position in the University of San Carlos. She proved to be an efficient and loyal instructor in the College of Commerce, having majored in Finance and Banking.

An alumnus of the University, Atty. Eulalio Causing, made the acquaintance of the young lady and after some months they were formally engaged.

Bad luck struck again: the fiancé was found with a "leukemic condition".

Seeing that he would appreciate their getting married in spite of his illness, she consented to it. A



... 18 Rosaries ...

few weeks after their wedding, he went to New York for treatment by an expert; she followed him after one semester. The treatment at first, was very successful; she enrolled in the Graduate School of the University of New York.

Of a sudden, there was a relapse, he died on November 27, 1954 at the same hour when we in Cebu crowned the Blessed Virgin during the solemn act of the closing of the Marian Congress. She came home and prefers to complete her graduate studies in Manila.

The mother-in-law, a typical Filipina woman of the better classes, is a quiet lady, is resigned, prays much—up to 18(!) Rosaries a day... Two of her daughters are teaching at USC.

"Blessed is he who does not lose confidence in the Lord!"



Mrs. Cristina R. Causing

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